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ON A PICTURE PAINTED BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Thou more than Rip Van Winkle
Of Irving's fancy quaint,
When did you first learn how to draw,
And when first how to paint?

For well we know, O Joseph!—
Pray heed this just complaint—
For well we know that years ago
Your face you learned to paint.

Now, clearly that was breaking
Art's most essential law—
Nor thiet nor saint should try to paint
Before he's learned to draw.

Yet then, if we remember,
Your drawing powers were
Not of the kind that joys the mind
Of the modern manager.

The more and more we're puzzled,
Reflecting on the fact
That when a palette you had not
You still had taste to act.

And now, when ease'll follow
Wherever you may go,
'Tis very odd that you should plod
Before an easel so!

Perhaps your present greatness
You long ago foresaw,
And aimed to be, what's good to see—
An actor who can draw!

THE PARISIAN SENSATION!

THE BLONDE SIREN:

AN ADULTEROUS DRAMA.

BY XAVIER DE MONTEPIN.

Translated from the original in "Le Figaro" of Paris FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PAUL PRESTON,

Author of "Wild Bill," "The Black Band," "The Pride of the Arena," etc.

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PART FIRST—MARGUERITE'S HUSBAND.

CHAPTER IX.—A DANGEROUS INTERVIEW.

Paul spoke the truth. He really adored Nicholas Bouchard's daughter. Every vestige of youthful enthusiasm dormant within his heart was suddenly reawakened upon contact with that pure girl, flower of love and of maidenly modesty.

We repeat—and in De Nancey's situation nothing could prove of more significance—that he ignored the thought of Marguerite's dowry to dream of Marguerite's person; he no longer remembered that in Paris there existed women for whom a short time previously he would have willingly committed a thousand follies, while the vehement passion experienced on the day before for Blanche Lizely appeared to him absurd and devoid of foundation.

He slept not that night, a fever consumed him. He saw himself the married possessor of that angel with authenticated wings. He had led her afar from Paris; he was concealing his happiness amid a balmy solitude, an Eden by a lake-shore in Italy. Upon arising, his thoughts turned towards Marguerite, and, without awaiting his own carriage, he emerged from his house, hired a passing hack, and drove to a celebrated florist's and selected marvelous flowers, causing them to be composed under his own eyes into a bouquet, for which he paid fifteen louis, by no means too dear a price. After ordering a similar one to be delivered at his residence each successive morning, Paul regained the Rue de Boulogne. A half-hour later a mounted groom departed at headlong speed for Montmorency, commanded to deposit the blooming flowers fragrant in the hands of Mademoiselle Bouchard.

"Flowers whose lot I envy," thought Paul. "Marguerite will caress them with smiles, fondle them with dainty fingers, and perchance with dewy lips. Happy flowers! happy flowers!"

Then the young man cogitated, somewhat uneasily, as to how he was to kill time until it would be possible for him to revisit in person, decorously and acceptably, Montmorency. Suddenly he remembered that he had solicited from Blanche Lizely an authorization to visit her on that same day, and that that authorization had been granted.

"Ah!" quoth he to himself, "but I shall not go!" Then, after a moment's reflection, he added: "Why not go? What right have I to disregard a step imposed upon me by the laws of good breeding? Mademoiselle Lizely received me with a charming graciousness. She may imagine, and she has a right so to presume, that I entertain a desire to win her hand. At least, I should disabuse her of the suspicion. She expects me. The visit will merely occupy one or two hours hanging heavily on my hands. I will announce my departure for a prolonged journey; I will testify to my regret at being thus involuntarily compelled to break at their commencement relations precious in continuance. Mademoiselle Lizely may believe as much as suits her. It is essential that she cannot count upon me. I must behave as a gentleman, and the mistress of the late Lord Sudley shall never have an opportunity for declaring the Count of Nancey to be less of a man of society than the horse-jockey that presented him to her! Decidedly. I must go!"

This resolved upon, Paul arranged employment of his time. He would drive in his coupe at noon to the Havre depot, where he would take a train; at one o'clock he would arrive at Blanche Lizely's villa, there to pass a half-hour; he would return in ample time to catch the three-o'clock train for Enghein. Once at Montmorency, he could spend the entire evening, for Nicholas Bouchard would assuredly detain him for dinner. The Count internally acknowledged the combination to be ingenious, and that the succession of incidents would admit of very circumscribed limits for any intrusion of ennui or of impatience.

He breakfasted appetiteless, dressed himself with attention to a thousand details which long habit had rendered mechanical, and at five minutes to twelve installed himself in the cars with an excursion ticket to Ville d'Avray. He was the solitary occupant of a first-class compartment. He selected a cigar from the contents of his case, lighted it, and, absorbed in thoughts of Marguerite, so completely forgot the object of his journey that, had not the voice of an employe aroused him from his revery, he would have passed without alighting at Ville d'Avray. From the station to Mademoiselle Lizely's villa was ten minutes by omnibus and twenty upon foot. Paul preferred to walk. With a rapid stride he paced the picturesque road, skirted the white wall shaded by large trees, and rang at the gate, to be opened by a gardener. The Count advanced to the chalet. Upon the porch he found, as upon the day before yesterday, James, the English servant, serious and imposing as usual, and altogether, with his high white cravat, a counterpart of a member of the Commons. He recognized Paul, introduced him gravely and silently into a parlor, and left to present the visitor's card to the mistress of the house. After a lapse of two minutes he returned:

"Will the Count be pleased to follow me?" he said, opening a side door and guiding the nobleman to a staircase whose steps, covered with a white moquette carpet, interwoven with roses, led to the private apartments of the lady of the establishment.

He caused Paul to enter a boudoir, its ceiling and walls covered with silken stuff of a pale-blue hue, furnished with large divans. There James left him alone with an observation:

"Madame is at her toilet. She begs the Count to wait an instant for her to receive him."

Paul seated himself upon a divan by the side of a large white cashmere shawl, doubtless forgotten on the previous evening by the villa's mistress, and, as one conversant with elegance, took pleasure in admiring in detail the ornaments of the chamber, so intrinsically feminine, in which he found himself.

"Decidedly," thought he, "Mademoiselle Lizely is a person of taste, and Lord Sudley was gifted with a liberal hand! Were I not upon point of marriage and my heart filled with love for another, could my measure of happiness be better filled than through claiming that seductive creature as my mistress?"

His mistress! Ten minutes previously the Count's thoughts would have revolted against such an insinuation. Why now did it present itself so clearly and vigorously, although circumscribed by certain restrictions? It was because he found himself in the captivating atmosphere of a lady's boudoir. It was because each article of furniture, each object of art, revived a subtle fragrance which two days previously had created that violent emotion experienced when leaning upon Mademoiselle Lizely's arm, and which was seemingly exhaled from the body and exciting beauty of the blonde sorceress. Fertile in diabolic temptations are those soft and sens-ual odors floating in the air around a woman's presence! The East, domain of voluptuousness, is it not at the same time a region of perfumes?

Paul, unwittingly, submitted to this mysterious influence. The invisible charm operated. From minute to minute, from second to second, the chaste features of Marguerite's countenance were gradually effaced from the young man's mind, while the strange, magnetic glances from the absent Blanche Lizely's eyes enflamed his brain. Although possessing no perception of that which was taking place within him, a generous thought flashed across his mind as a stroke of lightning:

"I would have done better not to have come," thought he, "and I will do well not to remain."

Ready to yield to this salutary inspiration, he arose with the intention of quitting the boudoir. Some seconds before, and the destinies of Marguerite and Paul would have been absolutely modified. It was too late. A door concealed by tapestry noiselessly opened, and Blanche Lizely entered.

"Ah! Count," said she vivaciously, "pardon me for keeping you waiting. I plead extenuating circumstances. I have an excuse, and I believe a good one. I did not expect you so early. I anticipated, it is true, a visit—still not before three o'clock. I was emerging from a bath when James handed your card to my chambermaid. I simply took the time necessary to clothe myself, for dressed I am not. Proof that I am no coquette!" she added laughingly.

No coquette! Oh! still she was one, and of the most dangerous type! Paul at that very moment had proof positive beneath his eyes.

Blanche Lizely spoke truly—*clothed, still not dressed*; nevertheless, more irresistible, more fascinating, was that consummate negligee than a ball-dress most audaciously bared. The adroit hand of a waiting-maid had not skillfully disposed her blonde head of hair to form that golden casque to which we have alluded. Their enormous locks, which an ivory comb and three huge silver pins, after the Italian fashion, could not restrain, escaped control, and, half undone, streamed over her shoulders. One rolled in waves almost to her feet. A similar disorder, deliberately premeditated, would pass as the acme of art.

The young woman had hastily enveloped herself in a dressing-gown of white muslin, hermetically closed at the neck and confined at the waist by a white silken cord. But beneath this dressing-gown she wore neither corsets nor skirts. The supple material draped itself to her body, modeling at every motion statuesque forms, while at intervals transparent rosettes betrayed, indiscreetly, charms of her beauty. The water of the bath whence she had emerged had been doubtless saturated with intoxicating perfume she so much admired, and of whose potency she was so well aware, for at the moment of her entrance within the boudoir one could imagine the petals of myriad tropical flowers to have simultaneously opened.

"Am I pardoned?" inquired the enchantress with a smile, extending to De Nancey her delicate white hand.

Paul bowed upon this small hand and pressed it to his lips with an ecstatic shudder, and it appeared to him that her warm and satin-like flesh responded by a sympathetic quiver.

"I, madame, should pray pardon from you."

"From me? Great heavens! for what?"

"For the bad selection of an hour at which to arrive stupidly when I should not. Nevertheless, I had a motive."

"Let me surmise," interrupted the young woman, "the motive to have been haste to revisit me."

"I trust you cannot doubt it to have been such," responded Paul, involuntarily entrapped.

"I do not doubt it," resumed Blanche; "and you perceive I am alone at fault, as I should have anticipated your impatience. But rest at ease," she added, with a fresh smile, sufficient to tempt a saint; "it is a fault never to be repeated. Henceforth, at whatever hour it pleases you to come hither, you shall be ever expected."

Were it possible for Paul to reply to this irresistible siren: "You need not expect me; I come no more!" The Count possessed not that courage—neither courage nor will. He succumbed again to the charmer; he felt himself fascinated as on the day before, and ceased to have mastery of himself.

"Ah!" he stammered in an agitated tone of voice, "you do not mean, I trust, to say that I will never again find you such as at this moment I see you? It would be too great a loss."

Blanche Lizely cast a glance upon herself. She apparently perceived for the first time the preciousness of her improvised attire, and a warm pallor empurpled her. With a rapid gesture she seized upon the cashmere, hercofore unnoticed upon the divan, and wrapped herself in its long plaits, veiling her body from neck to feet.

"That is wicked and cruel!" murmured the Count. "What have I done to be punished for an admiration beyond the power of concealment? You are so beautiful!"

"Am I so no longer?" inquired Blanche with an indescribable smile.

"You are to such a degree that upon sight of you reason takes flight."

"And reverence, likewise, does it not?" interrupted the young woman, almost in mockery.

"Why loan me a thought so distant from my soul? You well know that you inspire as much respect as love."

"Have a care, Count! This resembles a declaration."

"It is one."

"You pretend to love me?"

"I do love you."

"So quickly?"

"Love at first sight, or never! It needed but a minute and a glance to subjugate me."

"Can you be believed?"

"On the word of a gentleman, I speak truth! You render me crazy!"

"So much the worse, for the love of a crazy man is but an attack of heart-fever. The attack passes, and love dies."

"Mine is imperishable!"

"To how many women have you already declared the same?"

"To none as I have spoken to you."

"Still you scarcely know me—you are ignorant of my life—you know not whether I merit the supreme adoration you offer."

"I know you to be beautiful as a dream, and that I love you! My love and your beauty, there is naught for me in this world save those two things! what else can be of concern? I love you, Blanche, I love you! let me repeat it at your feet!"

De Nancey had not falsified in asserting that he had lost his reason. In speaking as he did he believed himself to be sincere. In a word, his conscience guided neither speech nor action. He knelt before Mademoiselle Lizely so precipitately that she could not prevent him; he seized her two hands and covered them with burning kisses, despite a feeble resistance on her part; then, throwing his arm around her waist, he struggled to embrace her lithe and perfect form. Blanche, offended, knitted her brow, drew herself up to her full length, disengaged herself from Paul's impassioned grasp by a nervous, rapid movement, and recoiled beyond his reach, leaving him kneeling on the carpet, slightly confused and in a most embarrassing position. To retire without a display of awkwardness under similar circumstances is the most difficult plight imaginable, as De Nancey experienced, now that unexpected defeat had restored to him some composure.

"Count!" said the young woman with dignified sadness, "you have insulted me, without my having merited it. In this the reverence and respect of which you spoke, a moment since, as equaling your love? How can I believe one when I place no faith in the other?"

"Pardon me!" murmured Paul.

"Interrogate your conscience, Count," continued Blanche, "and inquire of yourself by what name you would characterize the action you sought to commit. Would you have dared thus to treat me had I, near me in my house, a father or a brother for defense and protection?"

"Forgive me, I implore!" repeated De Nancey. "I told you I was crazy!"

"Ah! I have seen it! But, as your folly is dangerous, attacks of it must never again be renewed. Listen to me, as I must talk seriously—but, in the first place, may I beg of you to arise? It is painful for me to see you in this wise, for you appear ——"

LINA MERVILLE and MARIAN SINGER,
OF RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY.

"Ridiculous, alas! I know it," finished Paul, as he obeyed her suggestion.

Mademoiselle Lizely bit her lips to prevent smiling at perceiving her thought so humbly and correctly interpreted by the offender. Her countenance relaxed in severity; she gathered around her the folds of her cashmere, which she adjusted over her shoulders by an inimitable motion in such a fashion as to portray gracefully the elegant outline of her figure, and, standing upright before a chimney-piece loaded with flowers, signified to Paul to be seated.

"Count," resumed she, after a pause, "if you know me not at all, on the other hand I know you well, and you shall have the proof. You are a man in the best society, with an untarnished reputation; still as perfectly ruined as one could wish to be, and, what is more, covered with debt. You entered my house with less desire of securing a wife than of hunting for a dowry, reserving, nevertheless, the privilege of its rejection, did the wife not suit. That is correct, is it not?"

De Nancey, as a reply, nodded a gesture of affirmation.

"I will be frank," continued Mademoiselle Lizely. "Long before anticipating there might be anything in common between us, I had remarked you, and you pleased me, I must admit, more than any man accident had thrown in my path. When I learned that you were to be brought to my house and the motive for your visit, I trembled with joy. The day before yesterday I saw you near at hand; I talked with you; I listened to you. You were such as I had supposed. I lost, with respect to you, none of my illusions, and my heart bounded when you craved permission to revisit. I knew I had pleased you. I was happy at the result, yet not astonished, for I was well aware of my beauty, and I unhesitatingly admit false modesty to be a stupidity. You have said that you loved me; perchance you do, in fact; perchance you simply covet me. Men deceive themselves upon those points. In any case, you do not respect me, as you have too clearly proven a while since. But I desire to be respected by everybody, but first and foremost by the man I am to love. That man, should you desire, may be you. I feel myself prepared to surrender my heart—but that heart must belong only to my husband. Shall it be yours? Do not reply. You cannot reply at this moment; the promise received from you this day in no wise binds you in my eyes. Before saying 'You shall be my wife!' it is necessary for you to know my life, as I know yours. Lowe you a narrative—a confession, perchance—I will talk to-morrow. After hearing me, you are to decide whether you love me sufficiently to make me Countess of Nancey. Should it be 'Yes,' you shall be my betrothed before God and man. Should it be 'No,' you shall never again enter this house, for, Blanche Lizely, even loving you, even adored by you, will never be your mistress! Never! hear you? Never! To-morrow, then, Count. You have insulted me; still I forgive, or rather forget."

The young woman emerged from the boudoir, and Paul heard shoot the bolt of the secret door as it closed behind her.

CHAPTER X.—AN UNDECIDED HEART.

Paul made his way out of the boudoir as a man wandering in a dream, and truly he believed that he was dreaming, so impressed was he that the scene which he had been the hero appeared to him unaccountable, untruthful, impossible! Attracted to Ville d'Avray by a duty of simple courtesy, since the object of his visit was to announce to the mistress of the chalet that it would be the last she should receive from him, he quitted Mademoiselle Lizely after having sworn upon his honor as a gentleman that he loved her with a passion infinite, deep-seated and imperishable! Yes, he had thus sworn, and with the best possible good faith, four hours after demanding and obtaining the hand of Marguerite, whom he adored! What delirium had then taken possession of him? To what impulse of incomprehensible frenzy had he succumbed? The vertiginous perfume following him—that perfume deposited upon his lips from the young woman's warm hand—responded to the question. Paul wiped his lips in anger.

"Accursed siren," muttered he, "you think to hold me, but you are deceived! You will never again see me, and I blot your memory from my soul as I have wiped from my lips this perfume, exhaled from your flesh."

Thus fixed in resolution, the Count experienced, or imagined he experienced, a decided alleviation. He looked at his watch, and, discovering that he had scarcely time necessary to reach the station before the departure of the train, hastened his pace and arrived at the exact moment when, after a halt of two minutes, the locomotive was to resume motion. He threw himself into a car, where chance made him fellow-traveler with three young men of his acquaintance returning from Versailles.

The imperative necessity for listening and replying to them proved a welcome distraction, contributing to banish, in a measure and for the time, the memory of Blanche Lizely. At Rue St. Lazare Paul found his coupe in waiting, and in it he drove direct to the Northern Railway Station, and thence departed for Enghein.

It is probable that during his journey the voluptuous phantom of the enchantress passed once or twice before his eyes. He had but little difficulty in driving it from his sight. The chaste countenance of Marguerite had peremptorily resumed its empire; and as De Nancey ascended into one of the uncovered carriages stationed at the depot, and gave orders to be carried to Montmorency, he scarcely remembered that he had proven scandalously unfaithful, intentionally or otherwise, to his virgin betrothed.

In the little park, near the gate of counterfeit embattlements and portcullis of sheet-iron, he encountered Nicholas Bouchard, who bestowed upon him a vehement accolade, exclaiming:

"Ah! my dear Count, we have had news of you this morning. What a royal bouquet! The little Countess reddened with pleasure, like a cherry in July. Believe me, my boy, declare right away, and have no fears—I will guarantee that you will not miss fire. Marguerite is in her pavilion—go join her there."

If the young girl had reddened upon receipt of Paul's bouquet, she blushed still more deeply upon perceiving, unexpectedly, the presence of its donor, and the sweet child of Nature was too ingenuous to attempt simply concealment of her emotion. Since the night before she had thought much concerning De Nancey, with a vague satisfaction she cared not to fathom. She found him charming; her father had treated him as a friend, and perchance he would revisit them frequently. It was natural that she should be occupied with thoughts of this visitor, whose presence at the chateau of Montmorency had broken the monotony of a singularly uniform existence. Marguerite in this wise explained to herself the persistence with which the name and face of De Nancey besieged her memory. When the groom arrived, bearing the floral message, an unknown and delicious sensation swayed the young girl's heart. She knew naught of love save that gleaned from songs sung by her pure and silvery voice. She pictured to herself the all-potent god in the form of a chubby child, his shoulders garnished with diminutive wings, a bandage over his eyes and a bow in his hand—such, indeed, as he was daily presented to her eyes in a marble statue surmounting a granite pedestal planted in the centre of a grove at one corner of the park. And, nevertheless, love is among those things the most candid daughters of Eve come to learn without instruction at their sixteenth year. A vague instinct reveals to them that presentation of a bouquet signifies something; and when that bouquet comes from a youth, that same instinct sets them dreaming. In a word, Marguerite's heart expanded as does a rosebud at Springtide. Doubtless, she did not as yet love the Count; still she was on the verge.

At the moment of Nicholas Bouchard and Paul's crossing the threshold of the rustic pavilion, Marguerite, seated upon a low chair before an easel, was painting in water-colors. The magnificent floral gift of De Nancey served her as a model. She was reproducing with great delicacy of touch and remarkable fidelity of tone its brilliant colors.

"Well, my dear child," exclaimed the retired trader in his frivolous and happy mood, "here am I, bringing with me this gallant knight! Tell him with your lips all the pleasure his souvenir has given you."

"For Heaven's sake, mademoiselle, not a word upon that su'ject!" interposed Paul excitedly. "I am too happy, believe me, in your having deigned kindly to accept my paltry flowers, palpably unworthy of you!"

"Peste! what sort should they be, then?" rejoined Nicholas Bouchard, with a hearty laugh.

"Count," murmured Marguerite, with trembling voice, "this bouquet appears to me beautiful. It has rendered me so happy that I desire to preserve it when beyond existence. Hence, you perceive, I have copied it."

"That's so, true by my faith!" with admiration exclaimed Nicholas Bouchard, perceiving, for the first time, his daughter's occupation. "She is drawing its portrait, the sly boots—and it is jollily like! Look, my dear Count, look! There are, to my knowledge, many artists who could not draw as well as that. You would think those flowers could speak! They want nothing but odor."

While Paul, actually and legitimately enthusiastic, in his turn examined the young lady's work, she resumed, comparatively, her self-possession.

Her blushes had disappeared—her emotion had calmed. She endeavored to cast her glance upon the Count, but immediately lowered her eyes, with difficulty restraining an ebullition of pleasure, and a fresh blush, more roseate than the first, covered her forehead and cheeks.

She saw at the nobleman's button-hole a flower—a faded flower—which she recognized. It was the rose which on yesterdnight had constituted portions of her bouquet—the rose asked for and obtained by Paul. This faded flower, preciously preserved, designedly displayed—for the Count had replaced his dress of the day before by a walking-suit—betokened a revelation—a declaration, if you will—a declaration mute, but none the less eloquent. Marguerite felt as if a veil had been rent assunder before her eyes; she comprehended that she was loved. That faded rose told the story as emphatically as all the words in the lexicon. The expansion of heart was instantaneous. During the revolution of a minute's time the child had grown into a woman. She loved!

And need we say that Nicholas Bouchard detained his future son-in-law to dinner, that he would not consent to his departure except by the last train, and that he caused one of his carriages to be harnessed to accompany him in person to the Enghein station? He took the precaution of likewise leaving him at frequent intervals alone with Marguerite. Paul was too well versed in women not to imagine what was taking place within the young girl's heart; he comprehended that he had triumphed, and still did not profit by those *tete-a-teles* her father supplied with pertinacious condescension, either to make a declaration or to draw a similar avowal from Marguerite. Certain of success, he derived infinite enjoyment in nourishing her infantile modesty, while fanning by words of veiled and mysterious tenderness that pure flame which he had kindled within a chaste and susceptible soul. The presence refreshed and purified his soul, so oftentimes scarified by the fire of chance amours. In fine, who knows but that Paul experienced delight in not sullying, even by a breath, the white wings of his immaculate angel, simply because he had but recently emerged from those dens wherein women of marble and of plaster, nude almost to their heels, lead the rounds of the Parisian witches' dances. Still, all these mysterious meanderings and sentimental subterfuges accomplished not the purposes of Nicholas Bouchard, in a hurry to address before his servants the Count De Nancey as MY SON-IN-LAW, to trumpet to the winds the aristocratic alliance by him prepared, and to emblazon upon the bridal-carriages the escutcheon azure, with numberless stars, quartered, as he contemplated, with the eaglets of Montmorency.

"Well, my dear Count," he inquired anxiously, when finding himself alone with Paul in the vehicle conducting them to Enghein, "is the matter arranged? Have you declared?"

"Not as yet."

"Why not, *Pater Noster*? as was wont to say the Great Constable. Marguerite loves you, I am sure!"

"I hope so."

"Why wait, then? The Devil! you are not afraid! Why put off what can be done to-day? Why twist about where you can go straight to the point? Just say: 'I adore you! You adore me! We adore each other! Being so, let us marry.' Why not talk thus, my son-in-law?"

Paul explained his reasons. Nicholas Bouchard, upon listening to him, shook his head as a man by no means convinced.

"All that is very fine," he replied immediately. "Still, word of honor, see you, it appears to me too roundabout! You desired to please the child, and take her from her own hands instead of mine! That was delicate, I admit; but you do please her—that business is finished. Make your declaration to Marguerite, and let it be no later than to-morrow, or I frankly warn you that I shall say to her: 'Here is the Count, loving you to distraction, who desires to marry you. He suits you; he suits me. Away to the Mayor's office, my children!' And that will be categorical."

"I will speak to her to-morrow, I promise you," replied Paul, with a laugh.

The carriage stopped. They had reached the station. The future son-in-law and the future father-in-law exchanged cordial grasps of the hand and separated.

De Nancey returned to his house, instead of going to bed, caused a lamp to be lighted by his valet, installed himself in an apartment by him styled his working-cabinet, although he never could be found working in it, and commenced writing with considerable nervousness. Firmly resolved never again to see Mademoiselle Lizely, he determined to substitute a letter for the visit she expected, and prepared with serious misgivings the rough draft of this epistle.

The Count was not lacking in intelligence, but, like those of a greater part of collegians after graduation, making pleasure their only study, his style was not brilliant. Consequently, the letter, over which he toiled, presented numberless and arduous difficulties, which a professional writer would have surmounted by a few strokes of the pen.

It was necessary, at any cost, not to wound Blanche Lizely's pride, and how was this to be accomplished? The young woman had not concealed from Paul that she felt for him a vivid sympathy, which required only to be transformed into love. She had announced for the morrow a confession. She would reveal with heroic confidence her life's secrets. These secrets De Nancey knew in advance—at least, a great portion, so he thought. Still, Blanche was ignorant of his information, and her promise of absolute frankness was none the less meritorious. To this proffer of confidence should he return an almost insulting answer, or revisit Ville d'Avray and listen to the proposed confession?

The most expert diplomatists, desirous of expressing with an irreproachable politeness the least polished denials, admit that to divest such refusals of intrinsic brutality becomes a serious undertaking. Consequently, De Nancey sweat water and blood, to make no progress in his task. The drafts of letters and erasures accumulated upon his desk, and he was upon the point of abandoning his task, when finally he was delivered of a long letter, obscure, diffuse and equivocal. Assuredly, this epistle in no wise satisfied him, but he despaired of doing any better; he resolutely placed it in an envelope and relieved his fatigued hand, aching from profitless toil.

"The groom charged with delivery of the bouquet at Montmorency shall to-morrow after his return to Ville d'Avray call for himself," "and I will carry the flowers in person to Marguerite. By this change everything will work well."

Paul went to bed nervous, discontented; still convinced that between him and the blonde enchantress of the chalet everything was finished—finished. He had calculated without consideration of the feverish dreams shortly afterwards taking possession of him.

Scarcely had his eyes closed in slumber before he was retransported to that blue boudoir, the theatre yesterday of his various trials. Around him floated that exciting perfume perpetually troubling his senses. There he saw again Blanche Lizely, clad in that indiscreet dressing-gown, rendering her diabolically seductive, her long blonde hair hair floating in waves over her shoulders. Her humid eyes, her coral lips, seemed laden with sensual promises.

As on the day before, yielding to a fascination more potent than his reason or his will, he fell upon his knees; as on the day before, he clasped within his arms that body of rose marble, supple, elastic, surcharged with amorous electricity.

But Blanche Lizely was no longer angered, nor made resistance. She abandoned herself with a sigh to the pressure of his embrace, and, leaning her head upon Paul's shoulder, whispered rebukingly into his ear:

"Ingrate, whom I love and who wishes to see me no more! ah! you know not the extent of your loss!"

This dream was of long duration. When the Count opened his eyes, astonished at finding himself alone, so forcibly had the vision impressed him with its reality, it was broad daylight.

Paul, with senses overturned, mind in disorder and heart in his mouth, leaped from the bed, took from his desk the letter he had written and sealed over night, and tore it into shreds.

A positive reaction operated. Sensual delirium suppressed the aspirations of his heart. Blanche dethroned Marguerite. He burned to see again—for the last time, he imagined—the siren of Ville d'Avray.

"The bouquet ordered by the Count," said his valet upon entering the room.

"Correct," replied Paul; "let Auguste be in readiness to mount his horse."

The young man wrote rapidly some lines for transmission to Nicholas Bouchard. He stated to him that, detained at Paris by pressing business, he could not leave so as to reach Montmorency until at an advanced hour in the evening, adding that he pleaded for reception of his excuse, and begging the lord chatelaine to deposit at Mademoiselle Marguerite's feet his most sincere respects.

He took care to flatter Bouchard's mania through composing, as a superscription to the letter: "Monsieur the Baron de Montmorency, at his chateau of Montmorency." He, moreover, sealed it with a formidable mass of red wax, impressed distinctly with the armorial bearings, exciting the joy of the heraldically-inclined ex-cork-maker—azure, with numberless stars! Within lapse of a half-hour the groom was on his way to the castlet, bearing the letter to the father and the bouquet to the daughter.

Paul, as we have seen, had arranged in such a fashion as to make dispositions for the entire day. As long as he arrived at Bouchard's towards eight in the evening, the plan would work well.

At a half-hour past meridian he departed for Ville d'Avray in his own phaeton, driven by himself. He had concluded to return to Paris by rail, should his interview with Mademoiselle Lizely be prolonged beyond anticipated limits.

At two o'clock precisely his footman rang at the gate of the chalet. Paul descended at the porch, and James, the English servant, introduced him immediately into a parlor on the first floor. This time Mademoiselle Lizely did not keep him waiting. At the end of a few seconds she entered, and Paul, upon viewing her appearance, could not suppress a movement of surprise.

Blanche seemed to be in deep mourning. A large knot of black ribbon crowned her golden locks. She wore a dress of black crape. This dress, cut very low down at the neck and with short sleeves, would have left entirely exposed to view the shoulders and termination of the neck, were it not for a kerchief of black lace, crossing the bosom and tied behind the waist, according to the fashion to which Marie Antoinette, the martyr queen, has bequeathed her name. Still, beneath the intervals of this lace could be divined the marvelous contour and startling whiteness of her flesh. Sleeves of a similar material, descending to wrists whose exquisite delicacy was placed in contrast with two bracelets of black enamel, covered heavenly arms, but did not conceal them.

In this wise attired, Mademoiselle Lizely was more beautiful and weird-looking than ever. She involuntarily recalled remembrance of Melusina the enchantress, the sorceress chatelaine, heroine of the legends of the Middle Ages.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GATH BRITTLE

'Twas a long, lank, lean, lopsided man,
With a cast in his dexter eye,
And the wickedest look from his sinister orb
That ever I thought to spy.
The man at his side was short and fat,
And he grinned a devilish grin
When the Judge condemned him and his mate
To be hanged for their heinous sin.
They had confidence played, and counterfeits made,
And had taken the lives of men,
But never would either, this side the grave,
Accomplish a murder again.
To jail they were sent for a year and a day,
To lie in a felon's cell,
And then would die on a scaffold high
For their latest deed of hell.
They were wicked men, ill-favored men,
A horribly villainous pair;
Red-eyed, low-browed, and wearing each
A *mine patibulaire*.
For the death that threatened these wicked men
Not a rush or a straw cared they,
For the Judge had given them yet of life
A twelvemonth and a day;
So they whistled, and sang, and slept, and swore
In the cussedest kind of a way.
They euchre played with the jailor-man,
All-fours, and poker, too,
And gleefully chaffed the preacher when
Naught else they had to do.
But time wore on, as it doth, alway,
And the thin man and the stout
Began to learn by the almanac
Their time was wearing out.
They ceased to chaff the preacher-man,
They harkened to his prayer,
Although just what it meant,
Nor did the wretches care.
They harkened to his sermons, too;
And when he sang a hymn
They improvised a tune for it,
And sang it with a vim
That crushed the soul of melody
And quite it limb from limb.
And very pious they became,
The stout man and the thin;
The preacher man was glad that they
Such wicked men had been.
And never did it cross his mind
He might be taken in;
But, if that he was taken in,
He natheless gave it out
That they were safe from endless woe,
The thin man and the stout;
That they would soon be seraphim
Without a shade of doubt.
When time was called, at one o'clock
On execution-day,
The thin man and the stout man said
Whate'er they wished to say.
The nooses fixed, the rope was cut
Twelve minutes after one;
The thin man and the stout man
Their earthly race had run.
The rope was severed skillfully,
All at the Sheriff's beck,
And they crossed the line at the quarter-stretch
In a dead heat, neck-and-neck.

"To feed on the lillies,
And lie in the roses of life."

She was born, perhaps, only for Summer and sunshine, for ease and joy, for laughter and love.

She was a restless creature, and I thought her the sweetest being this side of heaven. Even now, looking back on that time of her only as a harmless, foolish, trusting child, too innocent to suspect or comprehend wickedness in another; faulty, as we all are, each in one's own way; weak, certainly, though many a stronger woman has been less pure.

I remember her as on the day I took her home my wife. Never before had I seen such gladness and infinite gratification in her dark, beauteous eyes.

"What a glorious old place this is!" she exclaimed in childish ecstacy. "What a delightful lawn! What charming balconies! What grand parties I shall give! You must be very, very rich, my love. Oh, how happy I shall be!"

Somehow her joyous words hurt me. With a feeling of vague disappointment I glanced at the elegant, slender figure, in clinging gray silk, with rubies glowing redly against the proud, white throat, and wondered faintly if my Thisbe cared less for her husband than she did for the luxury and pleasure that husband could give her.

The next moment she came to me, and in her pretty, caressing way laid her handsome brown head against my shoulder.

"How happy I shall be!" she repeated softly.

Just then a great butterfly, like a floating flower, sailed by and settled upon a spray of yellow roses, across which a spider had woven his web of silvery gauze. The shining wings of ruby and gold fluttered for an instant in the snare, and then, torn with the cruel thorns, dropped motionless, never to rise again.

"Silly thing!" laughed Thisbe.

But the fate of the butterfly saddened me, I knew not why. A fear, a warning of something melancholy and indefinable, of which this little incident might be the type, came into my mind, to be forgotten the next instant.

A few weeks passed rapidly, and Thisbe seemed quite as happy as she had predicted she would be, and grew more beautiful and beguiling every day. I adored her. I was proud of her, and I denied her nothing in that sweet, unsubstantial time of

"Moonlight and music and kisses and wine,
And beauty, that makes the world for rhyme-sake divine."

I can quote the fcouplet with heartless serenity, now I have outlived those delicious illusions of my youth; but, while the relentless iconoclast was shattering my idols, I suffered as only a man can suffer once in a lifetime and live.

Only a strip of hemlock-trees and juniper-shrubs separated our mansion from a fashionable hotel that during the Summer was always crowded with guests; for the little hamlet was built by the sea, at the mouth of a pretty stream that tumbled down from the hills in many a picturesque cascade among mossy rocks, where ferns and wild-roses grew.

Among the visitors of the hotel this season was a Captain Kenneth Merle, whom everybody seemed to regard as a paragon, and of whom nobody seemed to know anything particularly worthy of honor; but he lived elegantly, dressed fastidiously, and was altogether a very attractive and companionable sort of person. His voice was wonderfully musical and persuasive, and he was decidedly handsome, with his jet-black, wavy hair, his large, brilliant gray eyes, his red lips and glittering white teeth, and his beardless features, as colorless and perfect as those of a pagan god in marble. He was not tall, but an Adonis of grace, and the slight effeminacy of his physique only enhanced his fascinations.

He met poor Thisbe on the beach one morning, and that meeting was the beginning of a most strange and disastrous attachment. From that moment she was like one enchanted. With Captain Merle she walked and rode and sailed and danced and sung. Captain Merle sat by her while she swung in her hammock beneath the old sycamore-tree on the lawn; Captain Merle read to her poems of passion and despair while they sat in the cool green shadows of the arbor; together on the balcony, alone, they watched the white moon rise over the sparkling purple sea. With me she was always silent and sad, impatient, fretful or sullen.

My wife, my gay, foolish, unthinking Thisbe, was following the silly butterfly into the fatal snare. For a long time I discreetly held my peace, for I was sorrowfully aware that the sorcerer's spell could be broken by no remonstrance of mine.

When love fails to keep a woman true, no consideration beneath God's high heaven will prevent her from being false! But when at last I heard her name spoken sneeringly by the bad and pitifully by the good, I could be silent no longer.

I went home through the gathering golden dusk, half-mad with anger, half-blind with agony and shame.

As I left the grim hemlock shadows behind me, a man suddenly sprang through the open iron gate, and sped swiftly down the avenue. I turned after him one quick, searching glance, and instantly and distinctly recognized Captain Merle, and saw, too, that he carried in his gloved hand some object upon which the first level moonrays glittered as upon crested snow.

I had no wish to follow him; I had no wish to reproach one I so thoroughly despised. I only wished to reason manfully and magnanimously with my thoughtless darling.

I went on slowly to the house, and found Thisbe standing by the open window. She wore a rich dress of shining white satin, with a scarlet flower at her throat, and the damp evening-wind had blown her brown curls loosely about her shoulders. Her fair face was ghostly pale, and a strange, wild glow of excitement was in her eyes.

I cannot remember what I said to her; I know I was very gentle and tender, and I know that she understood that I cared more for her honor than for my own. For all at once she wrung her little hands together, and then flung them above her bowed head with a great cry of helpless misery.

"Be merciful to me, my husband," she moaned; "for I love Kenneth as I never loved you. God help me, for I cannot help myself! I am going away with my Kenneth to-night; and you will forget me, for you will never see me again," she concluded, with a hysterical sort of defiance.

"Thisbe," I asked suddenly, "was it your jewel-case I saw that man taking away a few moments ago?"

She looked at me inquiringly in a dazed kind of way; but, without waiting for her answer, I sprang down the steps and hurried back to the hotel.

A group of excited people stood at the entrance, and from within came the sounds of some odd confusion. I asked no questions. The jests, the laughter, the ejaculations of profound surprise I heard explained what had happened. Ten minutes later I was back by the side of poor Thisbe.

"My darling wife," I began gently, "I have news for you. As our gallant Captain was leaving the hotel, an hour ago, with your jewels

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[*For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."*]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

E. H. N., Philadelphia.—It was not entitled to the count. It is by no means proof that he counted because an outsider thinks or says that he did; and as an outsider the gentleman had no more right to say anything than if he had been a bettor on the game. If A could claim the count at the suggestion of an outside party, B would be playing two men instead of one, inasmuch as if B had made the same shot and not seen it that same outside party *might* have kept his lips sealed. Nothing in this answer is intended as having a personal application. We have cited a possibility only, and an unlikely, as the reason for the unwritten law of all games that "outsiders have nothing to say." It is the written law of billiards.

W. C.—You being in hand, and the game being the four-ball, you cannot make a counting stroke unless your ball, before hitting any of the three within the string, has gone outside of it. It is not necessary that your ball should "go up and down the table." You can make it take the side-cushion and return through the medium of twist; but it must strike the cushion at some point outside of the string before it hits a ball, unless the striker prefers to play a masse shot, so as to send his ball outside and bring it back again without the intervention of a cushion.

JOS. BRADLEY, Jersey City.—C. Bowell and "Blower" Brown both hold belts presented by Sir J. D. Astley for six-day pedestrianism, each winning the championship section of the former representing the championship of the world, and that held by Brown being emblematic of the championship of England. There are also in existence Astley belts for running and wrestling competitions.

W. H. P., Kansas City.—Whiskey ought to be lighter than water, but there are people who are certain that, as they can carry more water than whiskey, the latter is much the heavier. The specific gravity of whiskey varies with age, and it is safe to say that no two "moonshiners" give it the same specific gravity to start with. It requires somebody who has had experience in handling whiskey to judge miles.

OLD BORRALIS, Pittsburg.—We are not in the confidence of Yankee Blade; and as to the existence of a Southern railroad, you might ascertain by inquiring at a railroad office in your city.

MARTIN LYNE, Amsterdam.—If the accommodations were not as represented, Dutcher had cause for complaint, and upon demand was entitled to the return of his entrance fee.

STAKEHOLDER, Susquehanna.—A won, as Pegram did average ninety miles per day, and, having done so, the chances regard to being out of track until 10 o'clock P. M. April 20 ceased to be operative.

T. B., Brooklyn.—The play being 10, 10, 4, 3, 2, and 1, he who played the first ten and failed to count in the nine entitled eight points—seven by sequences, and one for the last card.

A. N., Brooklyn.—The players who did not finish their games in the billiard tournament are to forfeit those they did not begin to play, as well as those they may have begun, but did not finish.

O. AND S., Kansas City.—C cannot claim the points that S neglected to score. Cribbage is no longer played in that way, except by a few old players possibly.

NO SUBSCRIBER, Milwaukee.—We cannot say. Censuses are taken at long intervals only. There will be one taken this year.

J. D. LEWIS.—We have not heard from your namesake since; so conclude that the letter must have been for him, or he would have returned it to this office.

FRANK, Nashville.—Pedestrian performance, record for six days' pedestrianism is 550 miles 110yds.; Blower Brown's, 558 miles 170yds.

MARK.—Try Holyoke.—If a batted ball strikes the batsman while standing in his position, it is dead, and not in play until settled in the hands of the pitcher.

B. B., Louisville.—The Amateur Association will not publish an official handbook this season. "De Witt's Guide" for 1880 contains the playing rules.

C. E.—It loses the game at cassino when claims out when he cannot show enough to put him out, provided it is the call-out game that is being played.

H. R., Columbus.—In New York black-walnut lumber ranges in price from $75 to $150 per thousand feet, and black-walnut counters from 12½ to 20 cents per foot.

SUBSCRIBER, Baltimore.—Anyone in your city who makes or deals in cases for instruments can either make one for you or put you in the way of getting it.

ORPHAN BOY, Minneapolis.—I. We require corroborative evidence of the alleged leaks. 2. See CLIPPER ALMANAC thereafter for last time.

CLIPPER READER, Rochester.—Colt killed Adams on Sept. 17, 1841, and is supposed to have killed himself on Nov. 18, 1842.

SMOKE, Michigan City.—He should deal to the board first; but it will make no difference, if both players deal always the same way whether the deal be first or second choice.

TOBY.—F. J. Panchot won the belt emblematic of the championship of the United States in a six-day go-as-you-please in New York in March, 1877.

RENE DE JOYCE.—1. He did not. 2. No relation. 3. Do you mean broad or high jump? You will find records in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

J. O., Milwaukee.—The bet is a draw. There was not a sufficiently definite understanding between the parties to make it binding.

W. KELLY.—A who bet that he had twice as much money as B, wins, the amounts shown being respectively one and two dollars.

G. W. B., "Nip and Tuck" Co.—It was published in THE CLIPPER dated Sept. 22, 1877. We have no copies of that date for sale.

DEPOSITS.—1. Napoleon III was proclaimed President of France Dec. 20, 1848. 2. His picking up and looking at the six cards makes his hand foul.

BALTIC, Meaford.—1. It is arbitrary with each bank. 2. The same to this question. 3. It is half a mile from Twenty-third to Thirty-third street on Broadway.

CONSTANT READER, Watertown.—Cards count three, big cassino two, and little cassino, spades and the four aces one apiece—eleven in all; the game to count one apiece.

CONSTANT READER, Providence.—Write to him, in our care.

JOSEPH DAILY.—If the wager was made before Murphy's retirement from the contest, M, who bet on Hart, won.

RUSTIC, Towanda.—Start the stop-watch at flash of pistol, and stop it when the runner breasts the tape at finish.

D. D.—The only way would be to find someone who has a list for sale.

L. F. S., Milwaukee.—A card like Arnheim's costs $6 each time.

LEVI BROWN, Cincinnati.—Fifty dollars is the charge for a portrait and biography.

R. T., New Haven.—If the cards run 1, 3, 2, 1, the player of the ace, as well as of the deuce, makes a run.

W. LANGFORT, Albany.—It was claimed that he was, and we believe there was a good foundation for the claim.

J. A. NETIT, Denver.—Write to Osgood & Chapin, manufacturers of canvas-duck boats, Battle Creek, Mich.

FRANK, Wyandotte.—Lesse liable giving hour-score in CLIPPER of April 17.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—If the bet was made previous to postponement of race over Sunday, it is a draw.

D. J. MCG., Utica.—He ranked as one of the best third-basemen for a season.

C. W. W., Pittsburg.—See table giving hour-score in CLIPPER of April 17.

COMMON SENSE, Brooklyn.—If the bet was made previous to postponement of race over Sunday, it is a draw.

C. S.—He loses the game at cassino when claims out when he cannot show enough to put him out, provided it is the call-out game that is being played.

H. R

CRICKET.

THE FAG is an automatic machine recently invented in England for returning balls to the bowler during batting or bowling practice. It is claimed as specialties of the "fag" that it will return the ball to the bowler whether shooters or ballers, and that by its use the ordinary nets may be dispensed with. It is made of canvas, and is surrounded by network to prevent the escape of the ball when bowled. It consists of three inclined planes. The first incline, which faces the bowler, receives the ball after it has been missed by the batsman, whose wicket is placed at the foot of the first incline. The ball from the motive force given to it by the bowler, runs up the first incline, strikes against the net placed at the back, and drops into the second incline. From this it runs into the third incline or spout, from which it passes back to the bowler. The first incline has a frontage of 12 feet, and rises to the height of 5ft. 6in. The machine is here narrowed to 8ft. on the ridge. The second incline has a fall to carry the ball into the third incline, which (ball) therefore starts on its return journey to the bowler from a height of five feet. It finally slope about two yards from and on the right of the bowler's wicket.

OPENING GAME IN ENGLAND.—Easter-Monday at Nottingham, Eng., has for many years been associated with the commencement of the season, and on March 29, when the Notts eleven contended against the "odds," a large young and untried players of the county charming weather led to perhaps the largest attendance yet chronicled, although the price of admission was doubled. The match in question like most of its predecessors, resulted in a draw, the Twenty-two having scored 110 and 60 with thirteen wickets down to the Eleven's 123. Marr ott headed the score of the colts with 45, while Daft with 31 was top-scorer on behalf of the Eleven. Alfred Shaw in his usual demonstrated that this hand had lost none of its cunning.

A. J. REACH, No. 6 S. Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa., announces in our business department that he has a large and fine stock of baseball, cricket, and sporting goods, and offers special inducements to intending purchasers of the same. The cricket supplies, footballs and lawn tennis goods he has selected by Richard Daft of the All-England Eleven, who writes that they form one of the best lines of goods that have ever been sent to this country.

THE PHILADELPHIA CLUBS, at a meeting held on April 8, arranged the following schedule of games for the first half of the coming season: April 24, Young America Club, opening day; May 1, Germantown Club, opening day; Young America vs. Oxford Eighteen, Belmont vs. University; 8, Merion vs. Young America, Dorian vs. Belmont, University vs. Chester City, Chestnut Hill vs. Girard; 15, Germantown vs. Belmont, Dorian vs. Merion; 19, Old Boys vs. Dorian; Belmont vs. Germantown vs. Chestnut Hill, University vs. Dorian, Oxford vs. Belmont Second; 29, Germantown vs. Dorian, Belmont vs. Merion, Young America vs. Chestnut Hill, Belmont vs. Girard; 31, Young America vs. Merion, Young America vs. Dorian, Belmont vs. Merion, Young America vs. Germantown, Belmont vs. Chestnut Hill; June 5, Belmont vs. Girard; June 5, Germantown vs. Merion, Young America vs. Chestnut Hill, Belmont vs. Girard; 12, Young America vs. Belmont, Merion vs. Girard; 19, Germantown vs. Belmont, Young America, Oxford vs. Chester City, Baltimore vs. Belmont, at Baltimore; 26, Belmont vs. Chestnut Hill, Merion vs. Girard; July 3, Merion vs. Germantown, Belmont vs. Chester City vs. Girard; 5, Chestnut Hill vs. Baltimore, Belmont vs. Manhattan; 10, Merion vs. Germantown; 17, Girard vs. Oxford.

THE TORONTO CRICKET CLUB of Toronto, Ont., held their annual meeting April 14, and elected the following officers: President, Col. Cumberland; vice-president, Wm. Hayley; secretary and treasurer, J. C. Scott; committee—J. O. Howard, Dr. Sprague, C. H. Sproule, C. C. McCaul, H. Baines, J. Wright and H. D. Helmeken.

THE ALBION CRICKET CLUB of Camden, N. J., has recently been reorganized, with the following officers: President, The Camden and Star Clubs of that city are about to reorganize.

THE REV. T. D. PHILLIPS of Ottawa will form one of the Canadian team of cricketers who are to play in England this Summer.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 38.

DRAMATIC.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S "Galley Slave" had its first presentation in Pittsburg, at the Opera-house, April 12. Our correspondent writes: "The attendance was large, and increased at the subsequent entertainments. The reception given to J. M. Gotthold, who played Sidney Prescott, was of the most cordial nature, and at the close of the third act he and Mr. Campbell were called before the curtain, and speeches demanded. Both of the gentlemen complied. The piece was dressed in new scenery, and all of it was extremely pretty. The acting on the whole was fair. EXCURSION-trains under the management of M. W. Hanley, were run on several roads for the accommodation of country folks. The Colville Folly Company opens 19, J. K. Emmet 26..... The Elks' benefit took place 16, and was numerously patronized. The programme was the programme: Opening address, Hon. W. D. Moore; third act of 'Galley Slave;' recitation, 'John Burns of Gettysburg,' Harry B. Duffield; Brother J. W. Ransone in Dutch specialties; Conway and Eagan were seen in 'Down Mesh from Galway;' Lilly Western in songs; Brother Dan Mason in German songs-and-dances; Milligan and Weaver in songs-and-dances; the Martinetti Troupe in groupings; Brother Dan Sully in Irish comicalities; Crumley and De Forest in 'The Colored Jubilee;' Harry Shay, T. G. Fenton and Al. Astray; Cal. Stewart in Yankee sone in 'Ireland vs. Africa;' The Elks' March (dedicated to Pittsburg Lodge Elks), Brother Lerch; Jennie Reese in operatic selections; Frank and Fannie Davis in 'The Old Veteran;' Jennie Farron in a skipping-rope dance; Charley Benedict in songs, Dilks and Wade in instrumental and Ethiopian specialties; Geo. W. Henry in 'Epigrammatic Phillipics,' the performances concluding with 'When Old Friends Meet,' by Will G. Lee and Leon Long of the Stephen C. Foster Serenaders. The programmes were printed on satin, highly perfumed, and the music, etc., had been specially selected for discharge in selling and receiving tickets, distributing programmes and seating the audience, appeared in full evening-dress. The receipts were over $700."

A BENEFIT was tendered Aug. Piton, manager, and O. B. Sheppard, treasurer of the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., April 12, when the house was crowded. Our correspondent says: "Herrmann and company appeared, also the Toronto Opera Company in the second act of the burlesque of 'Pinafore.' The play after the Wedding' was rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Piton and Mr. and Mrs. Baird. The Weathersby-Goodwin Combination opened 14, and continued the remainder of week to large business. Mary Anderson appeared as 'Mr. Humpty Dumpty' and the so-called Spanish Students, by New York people, appeared in the Royal Opera-house 12, 13, 14. There were two clowns announced, but only one appeared. Business was light, except in the upper part of the house. French's Opera Company succeeded to and closed this house 15, but owing to bad business they went to pieces in Montreal. However, someone came to their assistance and they opened at the matinee 17, and will stay all next (this) week if business warrants it. Eliza Weathersby did not appear during the engagement of the 'Froliques' at the Grand, owing to illness."

W. J. FLORENCE AND WIFE acted in the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., to large audiences, in "The Mighty Dollar," "Our Boarding House" and "Ticket-of-leave Man" 17. They play in Troy 19, Burlington, Vt., 20, Montreal, Can., 21, 22, 23, 24. Maggie Mitchell opens 19, for one week.....Buffalo Bill was at Martin Hall 16, 17, with his drama entitled "Buffalo Bill at Bay, or, Which drew large audiences. Route: Utica 19, Watertown 20, Syracuse 21, Rochester 22, 23, 24.....The Goodwin-Weathersby Frolliques appear in Tweddle Hall 23.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Minneapolis, Minn., "The Forty Thieves" drew good-sized audiences throughout the week ending April 19. "The Six Degrees of Crime" will be presented..... Fred Bryton, F. G. Campbell and Gabriella McKean, supported by the Minneapolis Zouave Corps, opened a season of three nights in "The Union Scout" at the Academy of Music, Minneapolis, attendance was good, and the drilling of the Zouaves was a feature.

B. MACAULEY and combination are to close their traveling season in Manchester, N. H., April 28.

THE MISSES EMMIE WILMOT, Helen Adell, Double Wood, Hattie Adams, Messrs. Barcus, Adams, F. Ward, Raymond Holmes, H. Langdon, Geo. D. Ewell, Prof. Max Fehrmann, G. F. Bird and Little Ida form a portion of the company engaged for the Summer season at the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, O.

"OUR" as the old-timers of Philadelphia delight to call that house, under Director Edmon S. Conner, drew lightly at Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, during the week ending April 17. He appeared as Falstaff in "Henry IV" 12, 13, and afternoon and night 14, and as Dr. Pangloss in "The Heir-at-Law" 15, 16, and afternoon and night 17, giving of both characters an interpretation rich in unctuous humor and abounding in comic force. He was specially supported by Lillie Hinton as Lady Percy and Cicely Homespun. In every part the plays this week the lady gave fresh proof of her really wonderful talent. At the matinees 12, 13, 15 and 16 Lizzie Price appeared as Aurora Floyd in the play of that name..... Lillie Hinton appears in "Frou-Frou" 19, 20 and afternoon and night 21, and as "Armand, the Artist's Story" 22, 23, 24 and afternoon and night 24. On the other afternoons of the week the Museum company will appear in "The Hidden Hand." A movement is on foot among the newspaper men of the city to tender Manager Wood a complimentary benefit.

BARNES' NATURAL sons, as well as many less favored individuals, attended the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, the past week, to see Bronson Howard's "Banker's Daughter," as introduced by Collier's Company. The cast included three old Old Friends Meet," by Will G. Lee and Leon Long of Quaker favorites—Louis James and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcot—to all of whom a most hearty reception was given, round after round of applause ringing through the auditorium at their first appearance. At the end of nearly every act they were called before the curtain, loud demands being made for a speech, though that request was not gratified. Same bill the current week. First production in Philadelphia of Geo. Hoey's new play "A Child of the State" 26.

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY, without the fear of the Salvation Army before their eyes, will offer "Drink" to the habitues of the Walnut, Philadelphia, April 19, and follow it up with "The Two Mothers" 26..... Augustin Daly's "Royal Middy" commences May 3. Rice's Surprise Party 17, and then Geo. Holland's combination in the new comedy "Our Gentleman Friends." George will be succeeded by the San Francisco Minstrels.

WM. H. DALY, stage-manager of the Chestnut-street Theatre Company, Philadelphia, is rapidly regaining the use of his left ankle, which was dislocated by his trying to jump on a moving train at Bethlehem, Pa., one day last week. His wife, professionally known as Anabel Dudley, having left the company and gone back to Philadelphia to nurse her husband at their residence in that city, her place has been supplied by Ruth Rich.

FLORENCE, youngest daughter of the late E. L. Davenport, will be married May 29 to a young Philadelphian named Harold Tiers. The prospective bride's fair sister Fanny, famed alike for her beauty and her wit, whispers in the ear of a CLIPPER correspondent that smiles would be more appropriate at a wedding than Te(a)rs.

ABBEY'S "HUMPTY DUMPTY" COMPANY and Spanish Students open at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, April 19, for a two weeks' season.

E. A. MCDOWELL'S VAUDEVILLE COMPANY appeared in the Academy of Music, Halifax, N. S., the past week, in the burlesque entitled "H. M. S. Parliament" and in the comedy of "Engaged." They disband and reorganize for a season in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON'S COMBINATION played in Richmond, Ind., April 12, Delaware, O., 13, Wheeling, W. Va., 14, 15, Altoona, Pa., 16, Reading 17.

ANNIE FOX (Mrs. Clark) announces through our advertising columns that she has been granted an absolute divorce from W. S. Clark.

ARCHIE COWPER and Geo. F. Devere have been engaged for Shandon's new play, to be produced in Brooklyn May 17.

LAWRENCE BARRETT goes to Europe this Summer, but not to act.

TWO NEW PLAYS were presented for the first times on any stage in Boston, Mass., the past week. Our correspondent says: "'A Gentleman from Nevada,' written expressly for J. B. Polk by George H. Jessop, a Californian formerly journalist, held the stage at the Boston Museum, where Mr. Polk commenced his first star engagement. The piece is in four acts, the first occurring in the wild West play is in four acts, the first occurring in the wild West and the three others at Egerton Park, England. At the rising of the curtain we are shown a station at Rye Patch, Nevada, on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, where a company of miners are congregated. The arriving train deposits a party of English tourists—Alfred Egerton, Lady Alice Lester, his sister, and fred, Lord Egerton, Lady Alice Lester, his sister and her maid Johnson. Owing to their failure to regain their places in the cars, which depart without them, they are obliged to remain over until the next day. The strangers provoke the ire of the natives by their manifest social superiority, and the lady is ill and weak, but is succored by Christopher Columbus Gall, who, with coffee-pot and cup in hand, offers refreshment, which is gratefully received by the lady and her escort. The inevitable gambling scene occurs, the winner being English Jack, a questionable character of the region, who in play a questionable character of the region, who in play with Gall relieves him not only of all the cash on his person, but a gold locket, which is tenderly valued by him. The hospitality of Gall's cabin is offered the travelers, but before they can accept a quarrel ensues which has for some time been brewing, in which Lord Alfred is murdered by English Jack, who in the confusion escapes unnoticed. The succeeding acts take one to Egerton Park in England. Three years are supposed to have elapsed, and on the entrance of Reginald, the son of the dead Alfred, and Captain Vereker, we are immediately made acquainted with the fact that a forged bill for £10,000, made by the Captain in the interest of his friend, is held by John Castle, who is no other than English Jack of the previous act. This adventurer having acquired great wealth by ill-honest practice in San Francisco, whither he escaped after his attempted assassination in Nevada, is a London magnate and prosperous broker, whose weakness it is to be admitted into good society and win the Lady Ann for a wife. Gall, who has also suddenly enriched himself, is touring the Continent with Ah Tie, a Chinaman, as valet, who figured in the first act as a camp follower. He arrives at the Park in the old acquaintance with Lady Alice, when, it being made apparent that he is a millionaire, his welcome is made the warmer by the prudent Lady Ann. The Countess Egerton, Gall, who is ubiquitous, discovers the trouble, and sets himself the task of straightening things out. He allows himself to be arrested on the forged bill, and, after being taken to the city, learns the identity of John Castle, who is also recognized by the Chinaman, by the aid of the locket before mentioned. He is forced by Gall to go to Nevada to be confronted with Alfred, who, in the guise of a prospective purchaser of the Rye Patch estate, has come to the place, and the Captain to her assistance

QUIET JIM BROWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MAMIE LUKE.

So ye want me to tell ye thet yarn?
Thar's nuth'n' so much fur to tell;
It's a or'n'ry 'nough thing, ez ye'll larn
If ye stay yer' a month in Odell.
Onderstand thet Jim Brown ar a cuss—
In course ye've seen Jim at "The Star"—
Quite opposed to a fracus or muss,
Ef he—thet ar Jim—beint thar.

He ar quiet, ar Jim, onderstand—
Don't speak ef he's nuth'n' to say,
And his speech, w'en it comes, ar ez bland
Ez go'hers—no, zeffers—in May.
He don't rile an' blaspheamious cuss,
Ez heathen gerloos 'll all do,
But see: "Gentlemen, I'm in this fuss!"
Perlite, onderstand, an' he's through—

Through with talkin', ye know, w'en he pops,
With nary another word more,
W'en ye bet thet thar's somebody drops
On 'tarnisy's mystrious shore!
Thet ar Jim—quiet Jim Brown uv Odell—
No'd'ry harm in parceeve;
One thet's mild an' sweet-toned ez a bell,
The same ve will ready beleeve.

Now, the sarkemstance w'ich ye would larn
It heppened about on the seventh,
An' then 'twar the 'leventh ez a turn
Thet night—come to think, 'twar the 'lev'nth—
W'en Jim Brown he loped up to "The Star,"
Sid off'r his hoss in a jiff,
An' perambled right up to the bar,
An' not in a way thet war stiff;

Fur he axed ev'ry one in the place,
None dozen, I reckon, or more,
An' jist quiet his invite: "Le's brace!"
Two words, an' ez good ez a score.
All but one, he a stranger, stepped up
An' called fur ther pizen to onct,
But this stranger declined fur to sup,
An' these ar the words he remarked:

"This gerloot, w'en he trays, plays his name
To strangers about in this way:
'I am Ruber uv Yankton, an' game
To pizen the crowd'—that's my say!"
Now, thet stranger ye war rash, ez ye see,
Fur he war reflectin' on Jim;
An' too fine the gerloot, well ez free—
His lights o' perception war dim:

Quite permiskias the talk then an' thar,
To squelch the idee o' thet chap—
We knowed Jim much disliked sich a lar—
Some parties also give him a rap.
But the stranger he stood thar at bay,
Refused fur to lis'en to us,
W'en said Jim, in a keerless-like way:
"Now, gentlemen, I'm in this fuss!"

An' he said to the stranger one word—
'Twar "Pull!"—an' perlite it war said,
W'en two wicious sharp shots war then neard
An Ruber uv Yankton war dead!
Then his pard shot at Jim an' lit out—
Thet shot made Jim's thirtieth scar—
A he, the durned cuss, in the rout,
Somehow, tho' we blazed at him squar;

An' he lit on Jim's hoss at the door,
An' got at a rippitty lick;
Tar-nation! three cents—sez we, thar war four—
Uv us w'ich got mounted durned quick,
An' struck out at our best, I will state;
But he, the durned cuss, led the start,
An' Jim's hoss hed the bottom an' gait
Thet few on 'em's got in this part.

Now, the chances, I tho't, war durned slight
To ketch sich' thar hoss with our stock;
But, jist thankin' the moon fur her light,
We spurred an' rid hard fur the cock.
'Twar all hum-up an' ride like flash—
Like hell's-a-w'en Jim's hoss hed at all,
W'ich thet settled thet hoss-stealer's hash.
Eh?—do? Oh, we hung him, thet's all!

MAUD MERIDEL;
OR
A DOUBLE VOW.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "Fair as a Star," "A Wife's Revenge," etc.

CHAPTER LII.—AT LAST.

Until nor of grief nor of hate shall have been
The tears of stalwart men.—HEMANS.

The help that comes sometimes when we least expect it in our dire distress came at last to Mark Dyson. The rough English sailor and his brutalized companion into whose hands he had fallen tended him with a care and an assiduity that were wonderful, considering the life they had led and the almost savage state to which they had themselves come. They were people of mark among the natives of that little out-of-the-way island, and had come to be very like the people among whom they had cast their lot. They never intended to try to get home again. England was to them a place of hardship, where, if a man meant to eat, he must work first—a place where there were laws to be obeyed and customs to be observed, and where, if people did as they liked and forgot the difference between their own pockets and their neighbors', they were apt to come to grief. Here there were no such uncomfortable restrictions. If there was no civilization, at any rate there were no prisons, and policemen were conspicuous by their absence. Food was plentiful, and laziness was the order of the day; and what could any reasonable man want more? So they stayed on, and led far decenter lives in the haven of rest and idleness than that which fate had thrown them into when they would ever have done in the cruel streets of any European city. The sight of a white castaway, as they had been themselves, moved them strangely, and when they found he was English their delight knew no bounds. They had neither of them known anything but want and misery in their own country. The man was a workhouse foundling, sent to sea from the only shelter he had ever known to the usual portion of boys on shipboard—a man's work and a dog's treatment. The woman had never known any home but the pitiless streets till she was caught thieving and sent to prison, and from there to a reformatory, to run away and take to the streets again. And yet at the very name of England their hearts leaped, and they were as eager to hear all there was to tell about the old country as the most prosperous and home-loving emigrant that ever crossed the sea.

It was a long time before their guest could tell them anything. The exposure had done its work, and the sun had stricken him too severely. It was many weeks before he was able to tell them much, indeed, to talk at all coherently. He had roused for a minute or two, but fever had supervened, and he lay raving and seemingly at death's door for a long time, and until they almost despaired of his ever rallying. They had some trouble to save him from the natives, who were inclined to resent his helplessness and kill him out of hand. Their other English guests could do all manner of things that were anathema with the natives, and were a heavy burden, for whom the others had to work, and they were by no means satisfied with the state of affairs. Indeed, if "Jack," which was the only name by which they knew their resident white man—though, indeed, he was almost as dark as they were from constant exposure—had not worked upon their superstition and threatened them with all sorts of pains and penalties from an unknown power, individual to them by him as "David Jones," and held in such awe in the days of Mark Dyson would have been numbered, and his career in this story brought to an untimely end. As it was, they held solemn council, and performed incantations, and danced and howled and watched round the hut where he lay with such amazing ceremonies that it was a wonder that any human creature had the slightest chance for life, if quiet was to be any part of the cure.

But a strong constitution and the absence of physic did their work in spite of the incantations and the noise, and Mark Dyson struggled back to life, a wan, feeble creature, with hollow cheeks and staring eyes, but with the appetite of a giant, and all his faculties bright and clear. For a while he could do nothing but lie and stare in feeble wonder at the palm-leaves overhead and the bright sunshine streaming in through the door of the hut, and at all the burdens of life without having any of the pleasures as well. It was some consolation to him to know that he was of use even in this little way, and the knowledge that he was making some of God's creatures a little happier by his presence helped to while away the dreary hours that seemed to drag themselves along on leaden wings.

He had been many months on the island, and hope was wellnigh dead within him. The rains had been of unusual severity, and he had felt during the desolate time that he must either die or go mad of the awful hopelessness and inaction.

It seemed to him as if Heaven must be weary of the passionate prayers he sent up for deliverance, and as if Providence had doomed him in anger to his loneliness and desolation.

"I have been too happy," he murmured in his agony. "I was too sure of all the good things that were coming to me, and this is my punishment."

And then he thought of Katie, and of his lost happiness, and threw himself on the grass, and cried aloud in his agony and despair.

"Let me die," he prayed. "If I am never to see home and all I love again, let me die now, before I go mad and curse Heaven and its inscutable dealings with me."

There was no one to hear him. He had walked away, as he often did, to the topmost peak of the island, and cast himself down among the rocks and crags of the tiny mountain, the only one it held.

He could see the sea all round him there, scan the horizon on all sides, and many a weary hour of watching and waiting had he spent there since his rescue. Ships had flitted by and he had seen sails, but none had come near enough to make a signal possible.

He rose from the ground now with tear-wet cheeks and quivering limbs. The passion had spent itself and left him weak and shaking; but it had done him good.

As tempests clear the air, so do such storms of feeling clear the heart and brain, and leave poor human nature in better case for bearing the afflictions that must come to us all.

And the prayers of so many sleepless nights and agonizing days were to be answered at last. It seemed as if Heaven had sent the response in special and direct reply.

When the lonely man stood on his feet once more, after the paroxysm of despair had passed away, he saw right under him, as it seemed, coming straight onto the island, a stately ship.

No fleeting sail this time, to pass by and die away like a shadow in the distance, but coming straight on, as if in very deed she were sent by Heaven in answer to his prayer.

What he did or how he got down to the huts he never knew. It all seemed like a wild dream, and he could hardly believe "Jack" when he told him that it was a ship indeed, and that they had succeeded in signaling her.

It was all true; it was no dream; and in less than an hour's time there were white faces around him and white men holding him up amongst them when he would have fallen senseless at their feet for very joy, and English voices bidding him be of good cheer, for they would take him home again.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE LOVE THAT LOVES ALWAYS.

My first, last love! the idol of my youth,
The darling of my manhood.—TENNYSON.

"I would rather not have it raked up—indeed, I would, Walter. It can do no good."

"I'm not so sure of the truth of that, Katie."

"Why? What benefit will it be to us or anyone else to pry into such a nasty business? Let him go his way. Retribution will come to him sooner or later."

The speakers were Katie Crosbie and her brother, who was over in England on a visit.

The time he had spent with Mr. Thornycroft had greatly improved Walter Crosbie. Indeed, all the family had reason to be glad of the arrangement which had sent him to Thornycroft to be its master's right hand, as he was now. He had develped a business capacity that was totally unexpected from him, and was respected at the works alike by master and men.

As we have mentioned, Katie might have been mistress there had she so willed it; but her heart was not one that could be given and recalled lightly, and now it was where she believed her lover lay, "full fathom five" under the far blue sea. She was at rest about Mark now. He had never been unfaithful to her. Her mourning need not be in secret, and was for his loss, not his unfaithfulness.

The little household at Highgate were not so pinched now to keep up appearances as they had been.

Walter was able to help them materially, and something had been found for Mr. Crosbie himself to do, which it was hoped that he would stick to and succeed in.

Katie would be an old maid, and her father's housekeeper; and when Walter married, and little children grew up around his knee, she would be their loving Aunt Katie, and perhaps have one of them all to herself to love and pet, as she used once to think she would love and pet children of her own—Mark's children and hers.

Mark was lying far away under the sea now, and she must wait for the time when the secrets of all things would be revealed to know the reason why it had pleased inscrutable Heaven to try her with such an affliction.

But she was content to wait since that sailor came with his message of mingled grief and solace from the other side of the world.

Walter had come over from France full of something he had heard about the false Mark Dyson, about whom nothing had been said amongst them for a long time, and he was advocating the propriety of seeking him out, and, at any rate, stopping his assumption of the character and status of the real Mark.

It was very strange, but no one seemed to have seen Mr. Dyson. That he lived in some out-of-the-way corner of France might account for that, but he was never visible anywhere else. He was heard of plentifully, and corresponded with many people, but seemed to be invisible, as if some beneficent fairy had provided him with the means of keeping out of sight. He had a curious knack of disappearing when he arrived at any place, and being seen there no more, and Walter Crosbie had heard of this. He had become very curious about him, and had a keen desire to unmask what he firmly believed to be a thorough scoundrel.

He felt sure that the pretty girl he remembered so well at Thornycroft was being made a dupe of, but he had no clue to the fashion of the cheat till it came suddenly and unexpectedly. The next time he was in England he began to talk to his sister about it.

Of course, retribution will come," he said in answer to her words. "It always does, does it not?"

"It is slow sometimes,"

"Just so, and I should like to hasten it in this case a little—that I should."

"But how?"

"I think I have the clue."

"You?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At Harwich, when I was in England last."

"Why did you not tell me of it then?"

"Because my time was so short. I had to hurry back so quickly—and, besides, it will keep. He will not be difficult to catch when the time comes."

"Do you mean to say you have seen him?"

"Yes."

"The man you saw married?"

"Yes, and someone else, too, and the two men are one. I don't know why he chose Mark Dyson to personate. It seems to me that any other man would have done just as well. Don't stare at me in that owlish fashion, Katie. I am not telling you a story out of 'The Arabian Nights,' but the simple truth."

"It is a little incomprehensible—at least, in the beginning—that is all."

"I'll soon make you understand it. You remember the day I left here last time?"

"Yes."

"I was half the day in Harwich. I had to see about the transfer of some workpeople and their belongings.

"Yes, I recollect. You had some trouble about it."

"That I had. The British workman is a perverse and ungrateful animal, and prone to give trouble. They grumbled because I did not rule the waves and insure a fine passage for them. However, that has nothing to do with my story, except that it was the cause of my being there. I had done my business, and was prowling about the town in a very discontented mood, when suddenly I met him."

"This other Mark Dyson?"

"No, quite a different person, and, oddly enough, a gentleman of whom I had heard casually only that very day as being on his road to Scotland. I don't think I should have noticed him but that he was so muffled up, as though he did not want to be seen. His coat was pulled up over his ears, and his traveling cap was down over his eyes so as to hide his face altogether."

"Perhaps he was cold."

"My child, do you remember what weather it was then? Cold! It was about the sultriest evening we had for a long time. He wanted no greatcoat at all. I was gasping with heat, and had as little on as possible."

"You always are gasping with heat," Katie said, with a smile. "I don't think your sensations are much to go by."

"Well, it really was very hot; no weather for muffling up, and his wrapping was with a purpose, I am sure. He did not see me, and I am not sure he would have known me if he had, and there was something in his manner so queer that I resolved to follow him and see what he was about."

"O Walter, what a thing to do!"

"I couldn't help it, Kate. It was as if I knew I should fumble upon something. Anyhow, I did it; and I was not the only one. There was a woman on his track as well as me, or I am very much mistaken."

"What did he do?"

"Went to an eating-house not far from the quay, and I followed. He went into an inner room, and the woman came in, too. I was busy with a newspaper, but I saw all that went on. The gentleman went into the room the same fair man that I had seen in the street, and came out again Mark Dyson—the man I saw married at Thornycroft to that young girl."

"O Walter! do you know what you are saying?"

"Perfectly. It is quite true. He went straight to the boat, and on board, and I crossed in the same steamer with my workmen. I had to get them settled to a job at Rotterdam, as you know, and there I lost him. But what I have told you is the simple truth, and the solution of the whole mystery."

"You must be mistaken."

"I have proof!"

"What proof?"

"A very simple one. The man I saw married at Thornycroft wore a very peculiar ring. The fair gentleman I know, and whom I met in the street at Harwich and followed to the eating-house, has worn the same ring every time I have seen him. It was flashing on the hand of the Mark Dyson that I crossed with to Rotterdam. He must be an utter fool not to remember it, if he wants to go about *incognito*."

"I cannot understand it," said Katie sorrowfully. "But I think I would let it alone if I were you, Walter. It is nothing to us, except for poor Mark's sake, and we know that he was true. What does anything else matter to us?"

"True; but I should like to get at the bottom of the mystery. Poor Dyson's memory will be the better for being cleared. Other people think he was false besides ourselves. I think for his sake it ought to be cleared up."

A cab drove up as he spoke, and they could hear someone parleying with the driver.

A rough-bearded man got out, and stood for a moment looking keenly towards the windows of the room where they stood, as if he were expecting to see someone—a man who looked as if he had been weather-beaten and tossed about by winds and waves, and scorched by the pitiless sun till his hair and beard were tanned, like his face, to an almost indescribable color.

There were patches of white in the hair, too, as if trouble had done its work as well as exposure, and the face had a worn look, as of watching and weary waiting.

"Who on earth is this?" Walter said, as he scrutinized the newcomer. "It looks like another sailor, Katie."

Katie looked, and love told her what her brother could not see.

With a wild shriek of joy she sprang past him and into the hall, just as the servant had opened the door to the stranger; straight into his arms she flew—her Mark, whom the sea had given back to her, she cared not how.

Walter drew them into the room she had left, and then went away and left them. Some joy, like grief, is too sacred for other eyes to see.

He was afraid that Katie would be overcome, the shock was so sudden; but joy does not kill, and she was calm when at length she called her brother.

Mark had written to him, begging him to either go home and prepare them, or write to his father to do it, and the letter was lying at Thornycroft, waiting for him.

"I never thought of your being in England," Mark Dyson said, "and I sent it from the other side of Ireland. I thought my darling here would have been quite prepared to see me."

"I see you now, and I am quite content," was all Katie's answer, and she spoke truly. She was content.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CLIPPER SONGS:

"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

Dry Kindling-wood.

ST. LOUIS, April 8, 1880.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* As there are a number of parties claiming the authorship of the following song, which I have adapted to music, you will do me a great favor by publishing the same under my name, as I am the author. Respectfully, M. J. FINN.

I have just come out to see you, and tell you who I am;
I am growing old and feeble, as you can see.
My name is Reuben Johnson, I came from old Caroline,
Where the sugar-cane is sweet as sweet can be.
Since the war things they have changed—that you know as well as me,
But I thought I'd let you know it in my song—
And my voice it is old and shaky, I started in this town;
I'm selling kindling-wood to get along.

Chorus.
If you want to help the old man, just buy a load of wood—
I'll try my best to please you in my song;
Just buy a load and try, you'll find that it am dry—
I'm selling kindling-wood to get along.

They passed a civil-rights bill, which I try to heal the wounds
That's caused this poor old man's hair to turn gray
When they took him from his home, where he used to love to roam,
With old massa, in the cotton-fields to stray.
Yes, I'd rather love to be down in the good old South,
Where all the darkies feel happy and free.
For I was better off by far, down dar before the war,
Than selling kindling-wood to get along.

The time it soon will come when you will no longer hear
The voice of poor old Reuben Johnson cry;
Though I may pass away, you'll think of me some day—
Then I'll be a colored angel in the sky.
I know the Lord will send for me, my intentions make
To a black man as long as he does right;
For when I goes into dat land, and joins His holy band,
I know right well He's gwine to turn me white.

Alone.

BY CHERRIE HULL.

I have been to-day to the old homestead,
Where first I saw the light,
And memories of the days long-ago
Are teeming my brain to-night.
The old house-roof was o'ergrown with moss,
The ivy clung to the eaves,
And a robin's nest, as in days of yore,
Was hidden among the leaves.
Chorus.—Alone, alone, alone can as they used to sing,
In them there seemed no ehange,
But the faces that gave me greeting there
No more were new and strange.

I wandered out 'neath the orchard-trees,
Where the old boughs, sweeping low,
Seemed with their wealth of fragrant bloom
Like tinted snow to strew.
The lazy hum of the honey-bees
Fell dreamily on my ear,
And the forms of loved ones passed away
Seemed hovering very near.
The birds sang on, etc.

Down at the foot of the orchard-slope
Still ran the silvery stream,
And over again I lived the scenes,
Of a maiden's first fair dream,
And just beyond, on the green hillside
Gleamed many a white headstone;
There I have laid my loved ones to rest—
To rest, while I'm here alone.
The birds sang on, etc.

Aileen O'Lowrie.

INSCRIBED TO MISS MOLLIE OWEN, DOWAGIAC, MICH.
WORDS BY FABE MARTIN. MUSIC BY EMIL PFAFFE.

Sweet Aileen O'Lowrie, I'm thinking of thee,
Mavourneen! mavourneen! my cushla machree!
Thy image is with me, my love and my theme,
And thy melodies haunt me in every dream.
O daughter of Erin! come hither to me,
Mavourneen! mavourneen! my cushla machree!
Chorus.—Aileen O'Lowrie, my love and my theme,
Thy melodies haunt me in every dream.
O daughter of Erin! come hither to me,
Mavourneen! mavourneen! my cushla machree!

As fair as Killarney and fresh as the morn,
And blithe as the lark in the spring-time of corn,
I see thee and hear thee, sweet maiden, again,
And all I can do is to wail the refrain:
O daughter of Erin! come hither to me,
Mavourneen! mavourneen! my cushla machree!

Sweet jewel o' Lowrie, with soul-killing eye,
Thine image is with me, and never will die,
If thy pretty foot's patter is heard here no more,
For my soul ran away with thyself through the door.
O daughter of Erin! come hither to me,
Mavourneen! mavourneen! my cushla machree!

A LONG SEARCH;
AND THE FATE OF A VELVET WAISTCOAT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

Paris. Night.

A crowd had run down a man in the Rue Blanc-Marteaux. The fellow had stolen a loaf of bread, and Justice—as embodied in the rabble—had overtaken him swiftly. His crime was too small—he should have stolen a million francs. Luckily for him, however, at the moment when the police were about to arrest him, a private carriage whirled down the street and drew up where the crowd was. There was a coat-of-arms on the door, while the coachman wore livery. Possibly the occupant had just come from the Mont-de-piete. Even the dwellers in the Faubourg St. Antoine pay visits sometimes to that peculiar institution. At any rate, the equipage bespoke rank and wealth; and when the occupant of the carriage, having learned what the excitement was about, thrust a louis into the baker's hand, bundled the thief into his own coach, Justice must needs have been satisfied. She had got both the bread and the louis, and could afford to let the criminal escape.

The carriage, now with two occupants instead of one, rolled over the pavements swiftly and luxuriously.

"Why did you steal the bread?" asked the Count De Bleveau of his companion.

"Because I was starving," was the reply.

"That's bad. Have you no calling, no trade?"

The man laughed bolsterously.

"Oh, yes, I've got a trade—and it was because of plying that trade too industriously that I've just come from the prefecture of police."

"Oh, ho! You know something of crime, then?"

"I know nothing else—except that I am horribly hungry!"

The Count de Bleveau put his head out of the window and directed his coachman to drive to the nearest restaurant. There the man who a half hour before had stolen a loaf of bread feasted and drank until he could feast and drink no more. For the first time in ten years Jean Jouan ate of the best until hunger was appeased.

"What do you want of me?" he asked when the meal was finished.

"Want of you?" repeated the Count. "Nothing."

"Then why did you save me from the police and give me this good dinner?"

The Count de Bleveau laughed good humoredly.

"Why, my fellow, I pitied you in your misfortune, and I have given you this dinner because you told me you were starving."

It was true, but it was hard always, for Jean Jouan to understand the Count's disinterested kindness. His training had not been of the kind which strengthens faith in humanity. He had been an idle student, living on the scanty means provided him by a widowed mother up to the age of twenty; then his mother died, and he was left to shift for himself. From idleness he drifted into crime, and at twenty-four was convicted of robbery and sent to the galleys for ten years. There he had learned more of crime than he could in any other school, and he had returned to France hardened, desperate, the enemy of all men. Yet here, before he had been three days in Paris, an act of kindness done by a perfect stranger had softened him somewhat, for it made him honestly grateful. He showed that gratitude by attaching himself to his benefactor. It was the turning-point in his life. The Count de Blevau gave him a position in his household, discovered him to be bright, and by no means ignorant, tested him until he was sure of his fidelity and devotion, and then raised him to the rank of a semi-valet and semi-secretary.

For ten years Jean Jouan lived this happy life. His affection for the Count increased until he would have laid down his life in his master's behalf. But at the end of these ten happy years the Count de Bleveau died. He was thrown from a spirited horse and instantly killed. This sudden taking-off threw his household of servants upon the world. Everybody knew that the Count always intended, when he came to make his will, to leave comfortable legacies to his faithful attendants, and something more to Jean Jouan. As it was, however, the only relic which the latter carried away with him of his beloved master was a velvet waistcoat, which, oddly enough, the Count had presented him on the very morning he set forth for the fatal ride.

"Here's something for you," he had said, tossing the waistcoat to Jean. "It's growing too small for me, but may do you some service yet. And, by the way, I'll tell you something about this waistcoat when I return from my drive, which may induce you to value it more highly than the cost of the material."

He went out gayly, and Jean never saw him alive again. But he cherished the velvet waistcoat above all earthly things, and swore never to part with it so long as he lived.

Yet he did part with it. Thrown upon the great sea of Paris life, Jean Jouan's small earnings soon disappeared, and he found himself at the age of forty-four without trade or profession, with the shadows of his earlier life still falling ominously over his pathway, and with the sweet, peaceful years passed under the Count's roof making him now all the more unfit to battle his way against a suspicious world. For a year he sought honest employment; but in every position he obtained the curse of the galleys followed him, and he was promptly discharged. Then came want and hunger, and then despair, and finally desperation. One day, after having gone forty-eight hours without tasting food, Jean Jouan took the velvet waistcoat and rushed like a madman to the Mont-de-piete. He went through the very street, and passed the very spot where more than ten years before the Count de Bleveau had picked him up and shown him what life should be. He ground his teeth hard as he passed this spot. Then he hurried into the great pawn-looking establishment and waited his turn.

"Five francs on this waistcoat! Whose is it?"

The clerk had reached Jean's bundle at last. He stepped up to the desk weak and trembling. But he was familiar with the workings of the office, answered the questions promptly, and produced the necessary papers of identification when called for. Then he took his five francs and his receipt, and groped his way out of the room. He was very weak and a mist had come over his eyes. But as he descended the steps he clutched the ticket convulsively.

"I have not sold it," he muttered. "No, no. I have only lent it—and I will redeem it. As God is my witness, I will redeem it."

That was the ninth of July, 1860. On the ninth of July, 1861, Jean Jouan was again in the galleys, and on that day also, the twelve months allowed for redeeming pledges having expired and no one appearing to pay the interest on the velvet waistcoat, the cherished relic of the Count de Bleveau was sold to the highest bidder.

Jean Jouan reappeared in Paris in 1864. He made all haste to the Mont-de-piete, and, laying down the creased and time-worn ticket, demanded the article it represented. The clerk looked at it and then at Jouan, and said curtly:

"Why, man, that was sold more than three years ago!"

"Sold!" hissed Jean—"sold!"

There was a glitter in his eye, which the clerk might have thought dangerous had he known that the man before him had been twice sentenced to the galleys. Still, he went out of the place quietly enough, and walked on to where the Count de Bleveau's carriage had once taken up a thief who was about to be handed over to the police. Here he stood for many minutes in deep thought. Then he set out to fulfill the one remaining mission of his life. That was to find the velvet waistcoat.

Paris is a great city. To search through all its second-hand shops, to explore all its thieves' dens, to visit all the pawnbrokers' establishments, to overhaul all its rag-shops, and all its marine-stores and junkmen, always keeping in mind a single object—this was no easy task for one man to accomplish, and yet this was the task which Jean Jouan performed. It took time and patience, and sometimes it incurred personal danger. But what did Jean Jouan care for danger? As the probability of ever finding what he sought grew less and less, by so much did his unwearying search become the overmastering passion of his life. And so the years rolled by. Jean Jouan's hair turned with frequent his form bent. Great events agitated France; an Emperor, small in all things save a name, led a brave people to humiliating defeat; the tread of armed troops resounded through the streets of Paris; fierce cries of the mob made the powers tremble: a republic sprang into existence above the bones of empire; and still Jean Jouan went on unmindful of war or famine, or monarchs, searching, searching, forever searching!

One night in 1875 in the Vaudeville Theatre a scene occurred which attracted the passing attention of the audience, and which, as the scribes of the press are wont to put it, was not down on the bills. In the second act of the play, a trifle in the way of dramatic incompossible, which the critics have taken note in name—in the second act of this play, where a fop enters the boudoir of a lady too forgetful of her marital vows—in this act, and at the precise moment when the beau appeared gorgeous in lavender trowsers and a purple velvet waistcoat, the audience was startled by a loud shriek. Turning, they saw in the gallery an old man with white hair standing up with, his hands outstretched towards the stage and his lips working convulsively, but without uttering a word. Evidently he was crazy, as usual he was left to himself, while he remained himself, incoherently, but offered no resistance. When the slight disturbance caused by this episode had subsided the play went on, and the act ended in the velvet waistcoat won loud applause by an off-hand reference to the white-haired old man in the gallery.

At an early hour the next morning this same actor received a visit at his lodgings from the subject of his wit the evening before. It was so early that the actor was not yet out of bed, but his caller waited patiently until he had finished dressing. Then he was conducted into the comedian's presence.

"You may, perhaps, recognize me," began the old man, speaking rapidly and nervously. "I am he who was hissed last night. I am old and very nervous, and am subject to such attacks. You will, I hope, pardon me if I interrupted the play. I have called upon you this morning to make a somewhat singular request. I have a great weakness for odd waistcoats—when I was younger I wore them myself, but now I am content simply to possess them. The favor I have come to ask is that you will sell me the waistcoat that you wore last night in the play."

Very likely the actor believed the old man crazy now, even more firmly than he had the night before; but as he was only a fourth-rate performer, who was in chronic need of money, he was by no means disposed to disregard this strange proposition. But he was a diplomatist in his own small way.

"I value that waistcoat very highly," he said. "It has associations which make it worth to me much more than its intrinsic cost."

"But I will pay you your own price," returned the old man eagerly.

"Suppose I should say my price is two hundred francs?"

"I will pay you two hundred francs," answered the visitor.

The actor had need of his art to disguise his astonishment. He had bought the garment for fifteen francs, and that was more years ago than he could remember. Nevertheless, the bargain was consummated, and an hour later Jean Jouan was in possession of the velvet waistcoat which the Count de Bleveau had given him on the day of his death. For fifteen years he had not seen it. For eleven years he had searched Paris by night and day to find his lost treasure. And now—now at last he had found it! He made his way back to his own poor quarters, and there, with trembling fingers, he unfastened the pearl buttons, one by one, and stroked and caressed it as if it had been a living thing. Time had dealt more kindly with the vest than with the man. To be sure, it was grease-spotted here and there, a little frayed about the edges; but, as a whole, it was wonderfully well preserved. Lucky the fate that had cast it into the property-room of a theatre, instead of the closet of some broken-down fop.

Jean Jouan, still stroking the soft velvet, and living over again those ten happy years when he had been a man, started suddenly as he clutched the lower edge of the waistcoat. Surely that was not the lining. Was it something in the pockets? No, the pockets were all empty. He felt a piece of paper. Jean took a knife, carefully ripped open a part of the lining, and drew out a small envelope. On the outside was written these words:

This Belongs to Him who Shall Find it.

Opening the envelope, Jean drew forth a sheet of paper and read, in the Count de Bleveau's hand, writing, the following:

PARIS, Sept. 1, 1854.

I have this day deposited in the Rue de Saville Savings-bank the sum of one thousand francs, for which you will draw five per cent. interest. As I am rich enough not to need this bagatelle, I have determined to carry out a whim which may some time prove a blessing to somebody. On the other side of this paper will be found an order for the one thousand francs, and all interest thereon which may accrue up to the time of the discovery of this document. This order is so drawn as to make the money payable to the finder, whoever he may be. And to prevent the possibility of any trouble arising, I have taken the precaution to deposit with the bank a sealed envelope—this envelope only to be opened upon a demand being made for the money—containing instructions to the bank officers to carry out my wishes. I have not yet decided where to conceal this paper, but my endeavor will be to hide it somewhere so that it may escape detection a long time, but must eventually come to light. BLEVEAU.

P. S. April, 1856.—I have concluded to put this between the lining of a velvet waistcoat which I shall give to Jean, and tell him that the garment is supposed to possess a charm; but I shall not tell him that it contains this order. It will please me most if the money falls to him. But if fate decrees otherwise, well and good. B.

Many times did the white-haired Jean Jouan read over these words; and possibly society would take renewed interest in galley-slaves could it have seen the tears that ran down the old man's cheeks. Was it some mysterious foreknowledge of what was to come that had kept him up through all the long years of that weary search?

The Rue de Saville bank paid the claim promptly upon presentation, the sum amounting in all to something over thirty-eight hundred francs. Not a vast amount of wealth, to be sure, but still a fortune to the broken-down old convict to whom it had come so strangely.

Paris. Night.

More than twenty-six years have passed since that other night when a crowd ran down a man who had stolen a loaf of bread in the Rue Blanc-Marteaux. Again a crowd is collected—this time in the Rue Amelot. Fire had been discovered in one of the dingy, crowded tenements. Luckily, it is but ten o'clock, and all the inmates will be saved. have escaped. No, not all. In a window on the topmost floor is seen a figure of a white-haired man. The flames are shooting up with frightful rapidity, but there is still time for his escape. The people in the street are crying out, the police are pressing into the building, and the firemen are raising a taller ladder to reach the story. But for some unaccountable reason this old man turns from the means of escape, and is seen to rush from his window into a rear room, where he is lost to view.

"Who is he?" asks a voice.

"Old Father Jouan," answers one of the crowd. "He is a wretched miser, and he has gone back to try and save his gold."

But the next morning, when they found his body in the hallway, it was discovered that it was not for gold that he had thrown away his chances of escape; for in his rooms, in a trunk, singed and charred, but not destroyed, was found thirty-seven hundred francs. This treasure he might easily have saved with his life. But he had gone back into the rear room in search of something, and the precious moments thus consumed had sealed his fate.

What was the something that Jean Jouan, the ex-galley-slave, prized above his money—above life itself?

Merely an old and faded waistcoat.

POLICY-PLAYERS who have a weakness for believing that the number 13 is unlucky, says *The Independance Belge*, are requested to meditate upon the following fact, the authenticity of which is vouched for: A young soldier, Sergieres by name, was born on the 13th of the month of January, 1855. He lived at Brussels in a house numbered 13. On Friday, Feb. 13, 1875, he was drafted into the army by virtue of having drawn the number 13. A lottery-ticket was inherited by him bearing the number 13, which has lately drawn a prize of 200,000 francs.

BILLIARDS.

THE $1,000 CONTEST IN PARIS.

Vignaux Outscores Slosson by 4,000 to 3,118—Innings of 1,531 and 1,103—An "average" of 80 for the Winner.

Resuming our report from the point where we left off last week, we experience infinite pleasure in recording that on the third night, April 12, Vignaux started with the balls on the rail—where he had left them the night before, when he closed his second 800 with a run of 384—and added 37, closing with a failure to masse. This made the run 441. Slosson then made 1, and Vignaux 11. By the aid of the rail Slosson now got 54 and Vignaux rallied to the tune of 87, again missing through an attempt to masse. First making 12 all over, Slosson travelled by the all-rail route until he had reached 269, when he froze, but counted from the spots, as he had invariably done in this game. He quit at 270, however. Vignaux made 10 and Slosson three ciphers, a 2 and a 3, while Vignaux embellished his score with 3, 0, 0, 0. In his next inning Slosson gave a miss for safety, but Vignaux counted, got the rail at 27, kept it in some way, and brought the night's proceedings to a close with a run of 651, leaving the balls still on the rail, as he had left them on Saturday night and on Sunday night. On resuming on Sunday he quit at 10, and on resuming on Monday he quit at 37, but on resuming on Tuesday he went straight on until he froze at 431 for the night, or 1,082 for the run. Counting from the spot, he recovered the ball at 300 and kept on until he had completed his 800 for the night, making his run 1,451 so far. The American did not play at all on the fourth night, but on the fifth, Vignaux having failed after he had added 87 to his long run, Slosson scored a total of 1,989 points, 1,103 of which were accumulated in one inning. From a special to *The Herald* we make the score of the last night to have been thus:

VIGNAUX—80, 0, 16, 107, 45, 11, 3, 190, 1, 73, 0, 5, 0, 16, 7, 243. This is a total of 797, or three short of the needed number. He missed a masse in his third inning, as well as in his first. As throughout the match he has been cabled of several times as having missed masses, while there has been no such report as to Slosson, this seems to confirm the impression that American players, at the head of whom unlimitedly stands Schaefer in this respect, are now superior to the French in executing the perpendicular stroke for all practical purposes. Vignaux froze at the end of his run of 190. He seemed to have counted on spotted balls but once (in his run of 1,531, at 1,082), while Slosson seems never to have missed it, and to have made it at least four times. Vignaux used up almost twice as many innings to complete his last 800 as on an average he had needed to make his previous four sessions of 800 apiece. There were sixteen innings for him on the last night, which added to the thirty-four for the other four nights make 50 in all, which give him an average of 80.

SLOSSON—2, 1, 343, 237, 0, 25, 105, 10, 1, 1,103, 0, 4, 78, 3, 73—1,989. The run of 348 was not continuous, there being driving shots at 151 and 336. The surprising statement is cabled that the run of 237 was closed "by his making a foul push in turning a corner." Of the many ways in which that player turns the corner, short way or long way, we have never seen one in which he would be to hazard the possibility of making a push. It may be that the balls had straightened on him when he was attempting to get to one nearer the centre, and that in nursing them to the corner, and that in endeavoring to count by a *masse* he pushed. Slosson is said to have lost the balls four times in his run of 1,103, besides missing at 1,100; but how long the balls may only mean that he sent the first one up or down or across the table.

Vignaux's average (80 in 4,000) is a record, but Slosson's (62.18-50) is not; nor are the averages of either player in any tractional part of the game a record. Vignaux's run of 1,531 is a record, and so is Slosson's 1,103.

Vignaux appears to have made all his runs by what is termed continuous rail—that is, the cable has not mentioned that he lost immediate control of the balls more than twice in his largest. Heretofore his strength has been his superior positioning, manifested by frequent "drives" and frequent reassemblings. There is a physical reason for this superiority, as there is against his being a player of continuous rail like the light-waisted Slosson, Schaefer and Sexton. Vignaux weighs 225lb. It will interest the present to say that Slosson's run of 1,103 that it was made when he was upwards of 2,200 points behind and his opponent had but about 700 to go. That is just the time when a player would have the heart to run about 300. Under such favorable circumstances Slosson's 300s are more than Slosson ran at any earlier stage of the game. In view of what has since come to pass, it is odd that, speaking of Vignaux's run of 1,451 after it had been cabled over here, we on the afternoon of April 14 should have received from London a letter in which, in the second act of this play, where a fop enters the boudoir of a lady too forgetful of her marital vows—in this act, and at the precise moment when the beau appeared gorgeous in lavender trowsers and a purple velvet waistcoat, the audience was startled by a loud shriek. Turning, they saw in the gallery an old man with white hair standing up with, his hands outstretched towards the stage and his lips working convulsively, but without uttering a word. Evidently he was crazy, as usual he was left to himself, while he remained himself, incoherently, but offered no resistance. When the slight disturbance caused by this episode had subsided the play went on, and the act

in Albany; 21, with Yale, in New Haven; 22, with Providence, in Providence; 23, with Boston, in Boston; 24, with Boston, in Boston; 26, with Providence, in Providence; 27, with Providence, in Providence; 28, with Yale, in New Haven; 29, with Troy (probably), in Albany; 30, with Troy, in Troy. Mr. Chapman in another letter says: "We will most likely play six or eight games with National clubs in May. Will send you the dates as soon as settled on. We will also play the League clubs visiting Troy on their off-days, the last of May and first part of June. The boys are all looking and feeling well, and are anxious to get to work. The city is wild on baseball. The new uniform will be white shirts and caps, white pants and stockings and red neckties."

CHICAGO vs. DUBUQUE.

The Chicagos were looked upon last season as the coming champions, until in an ill-advised moment they determined to visit Dubuque, Ia., and then their downfall commenced, with their defeat by the local nine by a score of 1 to 0. The Chicagos opened the present season by another visit to Dubuque, where on April 13 they signally reversed the result of last year's contest. The visitors made twelve runs in the first inning, and by a succession of hard hits compelled Reis to relinquish the pitcher's position to Kent, and he held them down to one hit during the last four innings. The Dubuques failed to score, making but three safe hits.

DUBUQUE.	T.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	E.
Eden, c. f.	4	0	0	3	2	2
Sullivan, c.	4	0	1	4	2	4
Lotus, 1st b.	4	0	1	10	1	3
Moynah'n, s. s.	4	0	0	0	2	2
O'Connor, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Troy, 2d b.	4	0	1	4	5	1
Callahan, 3b.	4	0	0	0	1	3
Kent, p., c. f.	4	0	0	3	2	0
Reis, p., c. f.	4	0	0	3	3	1
Totals	36	0	3	27	19	17

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dair'mple, l. f.	7	2	2	1	1	0
Gore, c. f.	7	3	3	0	0	0
Will'mson, 3b.	7	4	3	0	1	0
Anson, 1st b.	7	3	4	10	0	0
Kelly, r. f.	7	4	3	0	0	0
Corcoran, p.	7	3	2	0	11	0
Flint, c.	6	2	2	12	1	0
Burns, s. s.	6	3	2	0	5	0
Quest, 2d b.	6	3	3	3	2	1
Totals	60	27	28	27	21	2

Runs earned—Chicago, 4. Bases on errors—Chicago, 8; Dubuque, 2. Bases on called balls—Chicago, 2; Dubuque, 2. Struck out—Chicago, 2; Dubuque, 10. Wild pitches—Flint, 1. Umpire, E. Ross.

The second game between the Chicagos and Dubuques was played at Dubuque on April 14, and was witnessed by five hundred people. Goldsmith pitched for the Chicagos, taking Corcoran's place, while Kent officiated effectively in that position for the Dubuques. Kelly and O'Connor caught for their respective nines. The Chicagos again won, but this time by a smaller score.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dair'mple, l. f.	5	0	1	3	1	0
Gore, c. f.	5	1	2	1	0	0
Will'mson, 3b.	5	1	1	3	1	0
Anson, 1st b.	5	1	1	4	0	0
Kelly, r. f.	5	1	1	0	4	2
Goldsmith, p.	5	0	0	5	2	3
Flint, c.	4	1	3	1	0	1
Burns, s. s.	4	1	1	2	3	1
Quest, 2d b.	4	0	1	4	1	0
Totals	42	6	8	27	10	10

DUBUQUE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Eden, r. f.	5	1	1	4	0	0
Sullivan, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Lotus, 1st b.	4	0	1	10	0	1
Moyn'han, s. s.	4	0	1	2	4	0
O'Connor, c.	4	0	1	4	2	1
Troy, 2d b.	4	0	1	3	3	0
Callahan, 3b.	3	0	0	2	2	0
Kent, p.	3	0	0	2	2	2
Reis, c. f.	3	1	0	2	0	1
Totals	39	3	5	30	13	5

Runs earned—Chicago, 5. Bases on called balls—Chicago, 3; Dubuque, 4. Struck out—Chicago, 8; Dubuque, 4. Passed balls—Kent, 2; Sullivan, 8. Wild pitches—Kent, 2. Umpire, Latham.

CINCINNATI vs. NATIONAL.

The season at Cincinnati, O., was inaugurated April 14 by a game between the newly-organized club of that city and the Nationals of Washington, fresh from a victory over the Providence Club. Purcell and Reilly were substituted in Will White and Cleveland's positions as pitcher and catcher for the Cincinnatis, and the change worked well. The Nationals led off with a run, Gerhardt taking a base on balls and being brought home on errors by C. Reilly. No more runs were made until the fifth inning, though the Nationals led off in the third with two singles, both men, however, being thrown out in trying to steal third and second. Sam Wright made the first hit for the Cincinnatis in the third inning, but was caught at second. Carpenter made a home-run hit over the left-fielder's head in the fifth inning, sending in Smith, who had missed on three strikes. Four lucky singles in the same inning let in three runs and put the Nationals two ahead. In the next inning the Cincinnatis again took the lead, Manning going to first on a single, to second on Leonard's sacrifice, and home on Purcell's single. Mansell drove Purcell home by another home-run, but this time over centre-fielder's head. In the last half of the seventh Baker tied the score by a two-baser to left, a sacrifice by Dignan, and a single by Snyder. A tenth inning was necessary. J. Reilly sent a corking two-baser to centre, which Baker fumbled till he got to third, and he came home on a wild pitch with the winning run. The visitors went out in one-two-three order, and the game ended with the following score:

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Manning, r. f.	5	1	2	3	0	0
Leonard, 3b.	5	0	1	3	1	0
Purcell, p.	5	1	1	1	6	0
Mansell, l. f.	5	1	1	2	0	0
C. Reilly, c.	4	0	1	10	3	2
Dignan, 1 f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Snyder, c.	4	0	1	3	0	0
Warner, 3d b.	4	1	1	1	3	1
Lynch, c.	4	0	1	1	1	0
Derby, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Totals	42	5	10	27	14	3

NATIONAL.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Gerhardt, 2b.	5	1	1	4	4	1
McClell'n, s. s.	5	0	1	1	4	0
Powell, 1st b.	4	0	0	11	0	0
Baker, c.	4	1	2	0	2	0
Dignan, l. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Snyder, c.	4	0	3	10	3	0
Warner, 3d b.	4	0	1	1	3	1
Lynch, c.	3	0	1	2	0	0
Derby, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	39	3	10	30	16	2

Cincinnati.....0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 3 0—5
National.....0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 1 0—3

Runs earned—Cincinnati, 6; National, 3. Two-base hits—Leonard, 1; Smith, 1; J. Reilly, 1; Baker, 1. Home-runs—Carpenter, 1; Mansell, 1. Struck out—Cincinnati, 7; National, 4. Bases on called balls—Cincinnati, 1; National, 1. First bases on errors—National, 1. Passed balls—C. Reilly, 1; Snyder, 1; Lynch, 1. Balls called—on Purcell, 99; Lynch, 99. Strikes called—off Purcell, 34; Lynch, 54. Umpire, Mike Walsh of Louisville. Time, 2h. 40m.

WORCESTER vs. YALE.

The Worcesters visited New Haven on April 14, and for the first time this season presented their full team, which proved "too many guns" for the collegians, who could not do much with "Trickey Nick," while Lamb was hit hard. Bennett made his debut behind the bat, and proved himself a careful short, stopping two seemingly clever balls, fielding the safe hits, and throwing batsmen out to the renowned "Chub," Creamer fielded finely at second. Wood and Stovey captured some difficult flies in the outfield. Knight in batting proved a terror to the Yale's Lamb. Bennett showed up finely with his new Spalding ash, and Wood got in his usual two safe hits. Summed up, the new candidates for League honors proved themselves both ball-players and gentlemen, and Manager Bancroft can enter the conflict with entire confidence that his team will make a good record and reflect credit on the city they represent. As the home-team, Wa. Cudworth displayed much ability as a catcher, his throwing being at least equal to any professional in the country. As the CLIPPER's advice, endeavored to keep his arm down a little more. He has a bad habit of making a balk and then throwing to first base, which he no doubt will outgrow as the season advances and umpires caution him. Walden played brilliantly at second and Hopkins finely at first base.

WORCESTER.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Storey, c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Wood, l. f.	4	2	2	3	0	0
Knight, r. f.	4	2	3	0	0	0
Bennett, c.	4	0	1	7	2	0
Whitney, 3b.	4	0	0	1	4	0
Sullivan, 1b.	4	0	1	14	2	0
Irwin, s. s.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Creamer, 2b.	4	0	1	3	7	0
Nichols, p.	4	0	1	0	6	0
Totals	36	7	12	27	23	0

YALE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
H'chins'n, ss.	4	0	0	0	2	2
Parker, 3d b.	4	0	0	2	1	2
Lamb, c.	4	0	0	2	4	2
Walden, 2b.	4	0	0	1	4	5
Cor'ran, p.	4	0	1	2	0	1
Hopkins, 1b.	4	0	1	2	0	1
Watson, c.	3	0	1	3	0	2
Wade, c. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Platt, r. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Totals	32	1	6	27	17	10

Worcester.....0 0 0 3 1 0 0 3 0—7
Yale.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1

Earned runs—Worcester, 3; Yale, 1. Three-base hits—Knight. Two-base hits—Wood, Knight. Struck out—Worcester, 5; Yale, 3. Wild pitch—Lamb, 1. Passed balls—Bennett, 1; Watson, 3. Strikes called—off Nichols, 7; off Lamb, 21. Balls called—on Nichols, 97; on Lamb, 78. Umpire, G. J. Hiller.

THE CALIFORNIA LEAGUE.

The Athletics and San Francisco played their second championship game on April 4 at the Recreation Ground, San Francisco, Cal., over 2,000 people being present. The Athletics led off with hard hits that earned two runs, and they added another in the first inning on Piercy's 3-bagger and Barnes' fly out, and a fourth and last run by Carroll's terrific one-handed hit to right field for a "home-run." The San Franciscos' only run was made by Curran, who was given first on called balls, went to third on Muldoon's wild throw, and came home on a passed ball. In the eighth inning McDonald came in on a sharp liner, touched second and threw to first base before the base-runners could get back, and this brilliant triple-play certainly saved the game for the Athletics. Before the third inning commenced rain began to fall heavily enough to cause the withdrawal of many of the spectators, and it interfered materially with the playing of the remaining innings.

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Deming, 3b.	4	1	1	2	1	0
Carroll, 1b.	4	2	1	9	1	0
Carey, s. s.	4	0	0	3	3	0
Sweeney, l. f.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Blakiston, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Gavin, p.	3	0	0	0	2	2
Irwin, c.	3	0	0	2	9	2
Muldoon, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	33	4	4	17	16	8

SAN FRANCISCO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Pierce, c.	4	0	1	10	1	0
Taylor, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Curran, 2b.	4	1	0	2	5	0
Munson, c. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Hamilton, 3b.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Foran, 1st b.	3	0	0	13	0	0
Smith, s. s.	3	0	1	2	3	0
Kiernan, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Mast, p.	3	0	0	0	1	2
Totals	33	1	4	27	23	6

Athletic.....0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 3—4
San Francisco.....0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1

Runs earned—Athletic, 3. Bases on errors—Athletic, 3; San Francisco, 4. Struck out—Athletic, 9; San Francisco, 4. Home-run—Carroll. Triple play—McDonald and Carroll. Umpire, Dolan. Time, 2h.

THE WORCESTER CLUB.

The entire nine of this club have reported, and, says a correspondent, "their games last week have more than pleased their most ardent admirers. Turner, the new second-baseman, has made a favorable impression, and Stovey jumped into public favor by his magnificent base-running in the Dartmouth game of April 13, and we think he will do the heavy batting if his previous record counts for anything. Nichols never was pitching better; and when we say Bennett is eclipsing his palmy days behind the bat, it means he has no superiors but few equals in the country. The players one and all seem to comprehend the attention they have been attracting by being new members of the League, and have voluntarily pledged themselves to abstain from any dissipation that might injure them as players and socially, and start in the contest to win with everything in their favor. A corps of workmen are grading and sodding the diamond, and purpose having it equal to anything in the country. A new scorer's stand has been built directly behind the catcher's fence, which will be exclusively for the press and managers of the contesting clubs. The Syracuse turnstile arrived last week, and has been placed in position. New uniforms are being made for the men, consisting of white flannel pants, shirts and Chicago cap trimmed with brown, brown stockings and Boston-made leather shoes. The nine will don their new uniform for the first time in the opening game with the Troys, May 1. Manager Bancroft has the score-card and ground privileges this season, and will get up a card of a neat style. He has offered a prize flag for the amateur championship of Worcester County, for which five clubs have already entered, with there being a prospect of ten in all. The nine will play the Baltimores April 21, 22, Harvards 24, and probably against the Albanys next week at Worcester, Mass."

WORCESTER vs. MONITOR.

The Worcesters met the Monitors at Waterbury, Ct., April 15, and gave them an overwhelming defeat. Kelly was knocked out of the pitcher's position much better. The professionals grew careless in the eighth inning, and errors by Wood and Knight, aided by a safe hit of Milten, gave the home-nine their only run. The best playing of the game was done by Nichols, Bennett, Sullivan, Pinney and Hemlock, Wood and Bushong leading with the bat.

WORCESTER.	T.	R.	PO.	A.	E.
Wood, l. f.	6	1	3	0	1
Knight, r. f.	6	0	1	0	1
Bennett, c.	6	2	6	3	0
Whitney, 3d b.	6	1	1	2	1
Sullivan, 1st b.	6	3	9	0	0
Irwin, s. s.	5	2	1	1	3
Bushong, c. f.	5	1	1	3	1
Creamer, 2d b.	5	4	2	2	0
Nichols, p.	5	3	1	4	0
Totals	50	17	24	14	4

MONITOR.	T.	R.	PO.	A.	E.
Burk, l. f.	4	1	0	0	1
Milten, c., c. f.	4	1	4	8	0
Fitzgerald, r. f.	4	0	1	0	1
Henlock, 2d b.	4	0	6	5	1
Eagan, 3d b.	3	0	1	1	0
Train, 1st b.	3	0	7	1	0
Murray, s. s.	3	0	0	3	2
Finney, c. f., c.	3	0	1	2	1
Kelley, p.	3	0	0	4	0
Totals	31	2	24	16	10

Worcester	6	2	0	4	0	2	3	0—17
Monitor	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1

Earned runs—Worcester, 9. Three-base hits—Wood, Sullivan, Knight. Struck out—Worcester, 2; Monitor, 6. Double-play—Bennett, Creamer and Sullivan. Umpire, Harry D. Stovey of Worcester. Time, 2h. 30m.

BOSTON vs. DARTMOUTH.

The Dartmouth College nine played their opening game at Boston, Mass., on April 12, with Harry Wright's professional team. The weather was chilly and the attendance slim. The Bostons hit hard, and in three innings ran up their score to fourteen, being materially assisted by Cram's poor catching. The collegians, although batting well, could place but three runs to their credit.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	E.
Jones, l. f.	5	1	1	0	0	0
Jno. O'R'e, rf.	5	2	1	1	0	1
Jas. O'R'e, cf.	5	3	3	1	1	2
Poley, 1st b.	5	1	1	10	0	0
Morrill, 3d b.	5	2	3	2	2	0
Brown, c.	5	2	2	9	4	1
Burdock, 2b.	5	1	1	2	2	5
Bond, p.	4	1	1	1	13	1
Sutton, s. s.	4	1	1	1	1	4
Totals	43	14	14	27	21	13

DARTMOUTH.	T.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	E.
Thayer, 2b.	4	1	2	4	4	9
Rowen, 3b.	4	0	1	1	0	3
Partridge, 1b.	4	0	1	8	0	10
Cram, c.	4	1	2	4	2	9
Rundlett, p.	4	0	2	0	4	4
Ripley, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Perry, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Warner, c. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	36	3	12	24	19	50

Boston	0	0	0	0	6	0	5	3	0—14
Dartmouth	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—1

Earned runs—Boston, 2; Dartmouth, 1. Two-base hits—Morrill, John O'Rourke, Partridge, Cram. First base on balls—Boston, 3. First base on errors—Boston, 2; Dartmouth, 3. Struck out—Boston, 1; Dartmouth, 9. Balls called—on Bond, 80; on Rundlett, 119. Strikes called—off Bond, 49; off Rundlett, 28. Double-plays—Boston, 2. Passed balls—Cram, 10. Wild pitches—Rundlett, 3. Umpire, Powers. Time, 2h. 15m.

WORCESTER vs. DARTMOUTH.

The Worcesters decisively defeated the Dartmouth College nine on April 13 at Worcester, Mass. Only five innings were played, as the Dartmouths then left the field "in order to catch a train." The score gives all particulars:

WORCESTER.	T.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	E.
Stovey, c. f.	5	2	2	0	0	0
Wood, l. f.	5	3	3	2	0	0
Richm'nd, r. f.	5	3	2	0	0	0
Knight, 2b.	4	2	2	3	4	2
Whitney, 3b.	4	3	1	1	0	1
Sullivan, 1b.	4	3	1	1	0	0
Irwin, s. s.	4	3	2	0	0	0
Bushong, c.	4	0	1	5	2	0
Nichols, p.	4	1	1	0	2	0
Totals	39	20	15	15	11	3

DARTMOUTH.	T.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	E.
Thayer, 2b.	4	1	2	3	1	0
Rowen, 3b.	3	0	2	3	1	0
Partridge, 1b.	3	0	0	8	0	0
Rundlett, p.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Cram, c.	3	0	0	4	1	2
Ripley, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Perry, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Warner, c. f.	2	0	0	2	0	0
Totals	24	2	5	15	12	2

Worcester	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—3
Dartmouth	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2

Earned runs—Worcester, 3. Two-base hits—Sullivan, Nichols, Rowen, Cram. Three-base hits—Richmond, 2. First base on balls—Worcester, 2; Dartmouth, 2. First base on errors—Worcester, 3. Struck out—Worcester, 3; Dartmouth, 8. Balls called—on Nichols, 76; on Rundlett, 113. Strikes called—off Nichols, 15; off Rundlett, 15. Double-play—Knight and Sullivan. Passed balls—Rowen, 5 Huse. Time, 2h.

THE PROVIDENCE TEAM.

We are in receipt of an interesting letter from that able pitcher and gentlemanly professional player John M. Ward, which so fairly and intelligently comments upon the play of the Providence team in Washington that we will present it in full. Under date of April 11 he says: "I would have written you sooner, but I have been waiting ago I could have told you that the boys had all arrived. Joe, as usual, being last, and, in practice, had taken hold in his old style; but I could not have given you a reliable idea as to how the nine would do when it came to the real work of the season. Now, after the games of the past week I think I can. Better games, together with the patience and temper of the men, could not have been. Every man knew that the baseball public were watching with unusual interest the play of these games, and that on the season, the prestige of the nine. I venture to say that no three games of the championship season will be more earnestly contested than were these. With but two days' practice on the field, we came on here to meet a nine of no mean ability, organized originally for the League, who, besides, have had the benefit of ten days' field practice and several match games. Under the circumstances, we have done as well, perhaps, even better than we had any right to expect. The pitching of the nine throughout has been first-class, and, with a week's longer practice with the stick, the entire three games would have been easily scored to our credit. An instance of the sharp field-work done occurred in Saturday's game, when four National batsmen followed one another with hard line-hits, and the side was retired without a run. Barnes led off with a single, Gerhardt followed with a liner to centre, which Farrell, playing centre field, picked up on a quick run, and threw to Hines at second to force out Barnes. McClellan came next with a single to right, on which Gerhardt was held and Mac second base. The ball was passed to McGeary too late to catch Gerhardt, but, making a feint to throw to second to head off McClellan, he turned quickly and caught Gerhardt, who was blinded out. Powell drove a liner to left-centre, which Farrell gathered and, by a beautiful throw, cut McClellan off at the home-plate, and ended an inning the like of which, for quick work, has been seldom seen. But the point of greatest importance which these games were to decide was not the individual skill of the nine, but wheth-er that skill would be so directed as to develop the greatest united strength of which the nine are capable. So far as my own opinion goes, I am perfectly satisfied that it will, and I believe every man in the nine feels renewed confidence after the past week's work. As for 'kicking' or 'wrangling,' I have never played in any games, where the excitement was at all times so intense and the players had success so much at heart, in which there was so little displayed by either side. The spectators treated us with the greatest respect, and with the exception of an occasional appeal for judgment on some close decision, everything passed off in the quietest and most orderly manner. Still, in the face of this, some of the Sunday papers of Washington found occasion for an attack on the nine in general and several of the players in particular. I have no time to write further. Have already tired you already. Doreas has been placed at the head of the list, and is leading off finely. Farrell had a home-run smashed in Friday's game. Gross is doing some immense catching. There is still a strong probability that George Wright will play in Providence. He was to have given the management a final answer by Saturday. Peters had some misunderstanding about his contract, and did not report on time. Everything was all right, and he is probably in Providence now. Unless George Wright comes, Peters will play short."

THE BALTIMORE BASEBALL CLUB.—Manager H. B. Phillips announces that he has completed his nine as follows: Beasley, catcher; Day, pitcher; Brouthers, first base and change-pitcher; Smith, second base; Richmond, third base; Myers, short-stop; Birchall, left field; Hawes, centre field and change-catcher; and Clapp, right-field. He adds that the club is in a quandary regarding grounds. The Baltimore Athletic Club have control of the present ground at Newington Park, and refuses to rent it for less than $10 per day, with free admission for their 223 members—a matter of $50 more a day, although they pay only $300 for the entire year. The Baltimores offered them $500 for Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays during the baseball season, but the Athletic Club rejected these terms. The Baltimores do not intend jeopardizing their chances of financial success by acceding to these extortionate demands, and have been offered a site for a new ground on the Bellaire road, about twenty minutes' ride from the city. The new location is easy of access by three street-railway lines. The grounds can be fixed up at a small outlay, and it will be much cheaper to make these needed improvements than to pay the Athletic Club about $1,000 for six months. Hawes will captain the Baltimore Club with Richmond as assistant captain. The uniform will be white, with green trimmings.

ATHLETIC.

SAM PATCH'S SUCCESSOR.

A dispatch from Munfordsville, Ky., to *The Cincinnati Enquirer* of April 12 says: "A few days since Thomas Boyd, a clock-tinker, claiming Belfast, Ireland, as his home, came to this place and had a notice published in *The Hart County Democrat* that he would on Sunday (to-day) jump off the railroad bridge across Green River, a structure one hundred and twenty-five feet high. At ten o'clock people began to gather from all parts of the country, and the trains North and South brought people from Bowling Green, Cave City, Horse Cave, Bacon Creek and Upton's hundreds more to witness the big jump. By twelve o'clock at least one thousand people had collected, eager and anxious to see the unparalleled feat. When the bridge-watchman informed the impatient crowd that the railroad company had given him orders to stop Boyd from jumping, numerous threats were made by the most determined to have him make the leap whether the railroad company was willing or not, yet none were bold enough to place him on the bridge. Dissatisfied, the crowd moved a short distance up the river, and made Boyd climb a sycamore-tree about forty feet high, and jump from that. This he did with ease and dexterity. The crowd cheered furiously, and became so much the more anxious to see him make the leap from the bridge. Finally, as a last resort, dispatches were sent to the proper railroad authorities in Louisville on the subject, and in reply word was received that he could do so under protest and at his own peril. Clothed in black pants and white vest, a tight-fitting scull-cap and in his stocking-feet, he walked out to the middle of the bridge as cool and collected as most men under ordinary circumstances, and laughed and joked a few minutes with the crowd, when he announced he was ready to make the perilous leap. The immense gathering of people, so far beneath that they looked like pigmies, was moved by intense feeling, and became hushed and silent. One, two, three, and the daring diver, springing head foremost, dashed one hundred and twenty feet down into the water below. For a few seconds he was undermath the water; but as soon as he appeared above the surface, swimming lustily, a tremendous cheer went up from both banks of the river, and the canoe that paddled him ashore was met by hundreds of excited people, and Boyd's cap was filled to overflowing with silver. He is the same man that jumped off the Ohio Falls Bridge; but this is at least thirty feet higher, and is decidedly the highest jump and the most daring feat of the kind ever performed in America. He proposes to jump off the Railroad Bridge at Bowling Green on Saturday."

ATHLETICS AND GYMNASTICS.—An exhibition was given April 13 by members of the Young Men's Christian Union Gymnasium, Boston, Mass., under the direction of Superintendent Perris. Elsi Ethier and Pierce gave a pleasing display of club-swinging, and the exercises on the horizontal-bar showed Robetbog, Whitney, Schofield, Carver and Williams to excellent advantage. Bennaker won the rope-climbing competition, with Cohen second, and the former and Jones led in the standing high-jump, and were second in the running high-jump to Keyes, who cleared 5ft. 6in. Jones was boss at the hitch-and-kick. In the tugs-of-war Johnson's team defeated White's and Gordon's in succession, were then beaten by Pierce's team, and the latter quartet were vanquished by Gordon's.

ON SUNDAY, April 4, a wrestling match between Andre Christol and Policeman Cuddy, for the alleged sum of $400 a side, best two in three falls, Greco-Roman, collar-and-elbow and catch-as-catch-can styles mixed, took place at the Grand Central Theatre, Leadville, Col. The people left in disgust, Christol gaining the first fall, Cuddy the second, and then Christol failed to come to time for the last bout, it being announced that he got hurt, but the people had doubts about its being a square match.

BOXING IN SCOTLAND.

The championship of Scotland at 140lb and a silver belt was fought for by Andrew McLaren and Alex. Laird at Glasgow March 22, gloves being used. Round 1. The battle commenced in good style. Both went at it ding-dong, and McLaren planted his left heavily on Laird's nose just as "Time" was called. 2. McLaren led off with the left again on Laird's nose, and received in return a smart right-hander on the jaw. McLaren then again landed his left twice in succession on Laird's nose without a return. 3. McLaren pasted Laird right and left, and the latter to avoid got onto the ropes, whereupon the judges ordered the men to keep in the middle of the ring. McLaren then sent home a good right-hander on the ribs, and after a few exchanges the round terminated. 4. McLaren planted his left on Laird's nose eight times in succession, and only received a few very light taps in return, but there was a sharp rally at the finish. 5. Both men were sharp to the call of "Time," McLaren again planted his left straight on Laird's nose, and received a tap on the jaw in return. Then a regular ding-dong piece of work brought the round to a close, all in favor of McLaren. 6. McLaren again landed on the nose with his left, and after sparring a few seconds got home a good right-hander on Laird's ribs. 7. McLaren again led off with the left, which was neatly stopped, but he tried again, and landed, and the remainder of the time was spent in sparring for wind. 8. McLaren landed his left ten times in succession on Laird's frontispiece, and the round ended all in his favor. 9. Laird now began to look a little groggy, and McLaren went in to finish him, but he only got one or two light blows on the jaw ere "Time" was called. 10. McLaren again sent his left home on Laird's nose, which was showing unmistakable signs of going out of shape. A sharp rally and a good right-hander on Laird's ribs brought the round to a close. 11. It appeared a pound to a gooseberry on McLaren now as it seemed hardly possible that Laird could hold out much longer, for in this, as in the preceding round, he was severely knocked about by McLaren, who, to all appearance, was as fresh as when he started. 12. McLaren commenced by landing his left on the forehead and his right on the ribs, and followed his man all over the ring, and punished him severely. 13 and 14. Similar to the preceding ones. 15. Laird's face and ribs were now discolored. McLaren again had all the best of it, but Laird stood up pluckily. McLaren planted his left on Laird's nose, and knocked him almost through the ropes with a right-hander on the ribs just before "Time" was called. 16. There was a lump as large as a goose's egg visible on Laird's left side, and his eyes, nose and mouth were out of shape. McLaren again gave him the left and last. McLaren again sent out his left on Laird's nose and his right on the ribs, and then the sponge was thrown up, as it was apparent that Laird had no chance. This ended a hard but very one-sided contest, which lasted 1h. 7m. After the contest, McLaren gave out a challenge to box any man in Scotland at 140lb in six weeks from signing articles.

BOXING IN ENGLAND.

On Wednesday, March 31, a determined encounter was brought off in the immediate vicinity of Birmingham, Eng., by two promising boxers, named Hammer "Lake" and Michael Cassity. With the exception of one or two minor events, neither of them had taken part in any previous engagements, but they were so evenly "pitted" as regards weight and height that a considerable amount of speculation took place over the result, Cassity, who scaled 122lb to his opponent's 116lb, being made a slight favorite. It was also arranged that they should meet at Yardley, where a three rounds and three uneventful rounds were fought. At this juncture a number of police put in an appearance, and the referee ordered the men to make the best of their way to a place which has been the scene of many a hard-fought battle, and which is known as Bagear's Bush. A ring was quickly formed, and in pelting rain the combatants again stood up. They indulged in a few harmless pats before either did anything effective, Cassity at last getting home heavily on the right eye. Lake, on recovering himself, landed a heavy body-blow, but rebound Cassity again closed with him. He was the most important visitation before the meeting, and which is now creating a tremendous sensation in pedestrian circles, Lake completed his task in the hour and ten minutes had expired Hammer's friends were compelled to throw up the sponge in token of defeat, thirty-two rounds having then been fought. Both Lake's eyes were closed up, while other parts of his face showed clear signs of Michael's handiwork. The winner was not much hurt, with the exception of a slightly bruised side. The style and pluck of the latter bid fair to rival any of our light-weights. The affair was kept exceedingly quiet, and the spectators present used every endeavor to preserve order.

EUGENE MCCARTHY, the well-known boxer and teacher of the art, returned to this city from Hamilton, Canada, April 11, and contemplates sojourning here, or at the seashore not far away, until the coming season. He desires us to return thanks to James Young, of Young, April 4, the principals being Steve Burke and Jerry Mahoney. They sparred for a silver cup, Jerry winning by a score of 16 to 12 clean face-hits. They indulged in slogging in the last round.

THE ENTERTAINMENT given at the Germania Assembly Rooms, in the Bowery, this city, April 12, for the benefit of Charles Norton, was not so successful as had been anticipated. The principal set-to was between Norton and Billy Madden, and, both being artists in this line, the display was capital.

AT ADELAIDE, Australia, in January last, twenty-five grayhounds, the property of Mr. Hart, including Sorceress, Siren, and Loot, eight of which were entered for the Melbour

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, March 19.

LADIES' LIST.

Aikes, Mrs. Julia (and telegram y 60c.)
Adams, Lucille M.
Annella, Mlle.
Adair, Ada
Arnold, Grace
Berwood, Nellie
Ernest & Capitola Bessie, Laura
Beauvais, Nellie
Ella
Burke, Kittie
Berley, Ida
Bell, Kitty
Burton, Florence
Banks, Carlotta
Bateman, Alice
Coes, Maggie
Clifton, Nellie
Clayton, Maude
Chapin, Minnie
Crocker, Josie
Cummins, Ellen (of Barrett & Co.)
Clifford, Hattie
Celeste, Rose
Cooper, Lillie
Ducrow, Belle
Delroy, Kima
Delmay, Lu-in
DePranchis, Mrs. S. A.
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Drew, Estelle
D'Alte Sisters
Dedrizat, Mrs. C. (of Landis's Co.)
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Davenport, Fannie
Edwards, Carrie
Ellis, Lillie
Ferar, Etta
Fisher, Mrs. Emma
Fox, Josie
Glenn Sisters
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Griffiths, Angela
Germon, Nellie
Garland, Grace
Hanlon, Connie
Heywood, Lizzie
Hutton, Ella M.
Hindle, Annie
Holder, Mrs. (Mrs. Rollis Howard)
Hill, Marion
Hamilton, May
Howard, Annie
Howorth, Mrs. M. E.
Hall, Mrs. Fannie
Hall, Grace (of Aiken's Dram. Co.)
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Hall, Hattie
Huntley, J. H.
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Hawley, Frank
Heywood Bros.
Hobart, Harry
Hamilton & Sobbrel
Holden, C. W.
Harris, Hamilton
Hensley Minst.
Howard & Newman
Harding, C. L.
Ince, John E.
Irving, F. H.
Julien, Victor (contortionist)
Johnson, Lew
Jenkins, John (vocalist, etc.)
Searles, A. D. (of Tourists)
Kendrick, Tom (2)
Kelly, J. F. (2)
Keller, Chas.
King, Frank (scenic artist)
Leland, Matt (2)
Leopold & Geral
Lyde, Benj. H.
Leavitt, M. B.
Lee, F. S. (2)
Leake, Wm. H.
Lyons, Dan
Lorella, J.
Lee, J. (of Cary & Lee) (2)
Lloyd, Henry (vocalist)
Lorella, Tom (2)
Leonard, John F.
Leary, Jas. E.
Lang, Sam
Lewis, Horace
Lansing, Harry C.
Lorella, J. A.
Lee, C. Cal. (of Allender's Minst.)
Little, R. (of Harry's Minst.)
Lorella, W. H.
Leavitt, H. (of Walton & Leavitt)
Little, Chas. (2)
Mack, R. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Moran, R. (of London Heywood Bros.
Mason, A.
Mack, W. E.
Toole, Col. T. R. (2)
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Thompson, Den
Theller, Walter B.
Tilton, E. L.
Thomas, D. S.
Tewksbury, Cartal
Trudell, Al.
Thompson, Louis
Thompsah, Lysander
Vincent, Alex.
Vokes, Fred
Wilson, F. (of Gobrecht & Wilson)
Wessells, Geo. W. (2)
Wallace, B. W.
Wagner, Cal (2)
Wildwood" (2)
Ward, Jess & Wade)
Wickes, H. M.
Wilson, Edgar
Webb, Wm. Gannimist)
Whittney, Leon
Ward, Harry (of Rooney's Co.)
Ward, W. (of B. W. & W.'s Minst.)
Williams, Jessie (musical director)
Ward, F. T.
Welby, G. M.
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Aiken, Jr., Sol
Abeles, Robt.
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Auburn, Robt.
Adair, Tom
Alva, John
Ayer, Frank
Boyle, A. F.
Brooks, Thos. "biz")
Bonnell, Otta
Burton, J. (of The Sentinel)
Brassler, R. L.
Barlow, Wilson
Barrosa, Prof.
Boissette, John
Butler, C. W.
Burton, Jno. H.
Brassler, R. K. L.
Bush, Frank
Bingham, Geo. (ventriloquist)
Burgess, Cool (2)
Bennett, H. C.
"Buffalo"
Baldwin, Prof. S. S.
Bishop, J. D.
Bickerton, J. A.
Brassler, W. L. P.
Bailey, W. J.
Barlow, Wilson, Jr.
Primrose & West
Barrett, Lawrence
Bendix del Salsa, Jos.
Bush, I. T.
Bland, James
Blackford & Bye
Brown, Col. T. A.
Bell, C. D.
Cody, Hon. W. F.
Cummings & Mathews
Clapham, H. J. (2)
Cramer, Joe (2)
Cramer, Jr., Jas. (2)
Canning, M. (of Janauschneck's Co.)
Cecil, Lewis E.
Carter, W. (bell-ringer)
Caulfield, Bartley
Conklin, Peter
Crimmins, J. (of Crimmins Bros.)
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Cushman, Frank
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Callender, Chas. (2)
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Campbell, Geo. F.
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Carter, Otis H.
Dobson, H. C.
Dacres, Wm.
Denier, Tony
Devern & Lottie
Dailey, Billy
Dowling, J. J.
Davis, Chas. L.
Dingle, Jno. (7)
Danbridge, C. W.
Delaney, C. (of Haverly's Minst.)
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DeGroat, C. P.
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Dumont, Frank (2)
Dixon, Fred. Eggleish p. o. mark)
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Fitzgerald, R. (manager)
Ford, Alex. F.
Foy, F. C. (tenor)
Flynn, Matt
Forepaugh, W. R.
Fitzsimmons, Wm.
Feerce, Owen
Fitzgerald, W. H. (actor)
Field, A. Newton
Forrester, Bruce
Frayne, W.
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Fox, J. (of B. W. P. & W.'s Minst.)
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Gibson, J. A. (comedian)
Gardner, Dick (cornetist)
Grosse, J. A.
Gulick, Jos. A.
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Griffin, Hamilton
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Hall, H. A.
Hume, Dick
Hayden, Wm.
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Hill, Geo. A.
Hurd, Charlie
Harris, F. T.
Hall, O. L.
Harris, C. (of Harris & Wood)
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Hartworth, Jas. (2)
Harper & Jessie Martin, Tom
Hall, Hattie
Huntley, J. H.
Hayden, J. (of Gerton & Hayden)
Hawley, Frank
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Harris, Hamilton
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Howard & Newman
Harding, C. L.
Ince, John E.
Irving, F. H.
Julien, Victor (contortionist)
Johnson, Lew
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Searles, A. D. (of Tourists)
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Keller, Chas.
King, Frank (scenic artist)
Leland, Matt (2)
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Lyde, Benj. H.
Leavitt, M. B.
Lee, F. S. (2)
Leake, Wm. H.
Lyons, Dan
Lorella, J.
Lee, J. (of Cary & Lee) (2)
Lloyd, Henry (vocalist)
Lorella, Tom (2)
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Leary, Jas. E.
Lang, Sam
Lewis, Horace
Lansing, Harry C.
Lorella, J. A.
Lee, C. Cal. (of Allender's Minst.)
Little, R. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Lorella, W. H.
Leavitt, H. (of Walton & Leavitt)
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Mack, R. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Moran, R. (of London Heywood Bros.
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Mack, W. E.
Toole, Col. T. R. (2)
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Theller, Walter B.
Tilton, E. L.
Thomas, D. S.
Tewksbury, Cartal
Trudell, Al.
Thompson, Louis
Thompsah, Lysander
Vincent, Alex.
Vokes, Fred
Wilson, F. (of Gobrecht & Wilson)
Wessells, Geo. W. (2)
Wallace, B. W.
Wagner, Cal (2)
Wildwood" (2)
Ward, Jess & Wade)
Wickes, H. M.
Wilson, Edgar
Webb, Wm. Gannimist)
Whittney, Leon
Ward, Harry (of Rooney's Co.)
Ward, W. (of B. W. & W.'s Minst.)
Williams, Jessie (musical director)
Ward, F. T.
Welby, G. M.
Zane, J. G.

THERE ARE LETTERS for the following professionals in care of T. H. Schneider, 21 East State street, Columbus, O.: H. Weseritz, C. H. Bennett, Lina A. Partridge, Manager of Boston Ideal Co. (2); Graham Earl, of Kiniaus Co.; R. L. Ramol, of the Shepherd Tableaux Co., and Maggie Peterson, of Gothold's Co.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[With a view of relieving the pressure upon our regular "Answers to Correspondents" column, we propose to insert here all replies to questions relating to amusements. Such queries as relate to other matters will be answered in our regular columns, and should not be written on separate slips of paper from those asking for information concerning amusements. No answer at all will be made, orally, by mail or telegraph, to questions the nature of which may be reason to think involves a dispute between individuals. All such will be answered publicly, through our columns.—ED. CLIPPER.]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

To Our Authorized Correspondents.

In the future please give all routes ahead of combinations upon *separate pieces of paper*, instead of embodying them in your letters.

OLD PATRON, Boston.—1. Because such questions as relate to the average circulations of newspapers touch upon the privacy of business; because each newspaper publish a list of circulation in THE CLIPPER ANNUAL, first inquired about, while in our circus-columns we have for weeks been giving a list of such performers; and because such questions as "Which is the tallest man now living?" and "Who is the heaviest man?" cannot be answered at all, if not by every sideshow-boaster for himself. 2. Nearly all of the above mentioned combinations are now out of existence. 3. John Wilkes Booth's remains are not buried in Philadelphia. 4. A list of Barnum's performers was given last week. We are not going to print a list of the others. 5. See reply in regard to column of "Answers to Correspondents."

F. W., Brooklyn.—1. There is no custom about it, and very little value in addressing a star upon such a matter. The true way is to advertise for an engagement, or else to book with a dramatic agency for a chance to support some star. 2. Maurice Barrymore is about that height. 4. Rogers look taller on the stage than off it. 4. That is certainly not too much salary for a man who is expected to keep life in him. 5. They acquire a loud tone from the necessity of forcing their voice at first. 6. We should say that Gus Levick is just about thirty years old; but, as he looks younger, in ordering a hat

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Broadway and Thirty-third street.
W. HENDERSON.....Proprietor and Manager
LAST WEEK OF ANNIE PIXLEY AS M'LISS,
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For a limited period, commencing
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WEATHERSBY-GOODWIN FROLIQUES
in the humorous fantasy
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TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY AT
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THE GREATEST SUCCESS EVER MADE.
THOUSANDS TURNED AWAY EVERY NIGHT.
The entire exhibition received with
ACCLAMATIONS OF DELIGHT,
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BARNUM'S BEST EFFORT.
Come early and see the
NEW FEATURES AND LATEST NOVELTIES.
ZAZEL | creates a furor as she dives
Shot | ZAZEL | heads from the highest
from an | ZAZEL | circle of the institute,
eighteen gun | ZAZEL | a distance of
and proj ected | ZAZEL | seventy-five feet
over sixty feet | ZAZEL | through
| ZAZEL | space
mid air. | ZAZEL.
FIRE HORSE. The Fire Horse Salamander
FIRE HORSE. and the Hoop of Fire
FIRE HORSE. will positively be exhibited every
FIRE HORSE. alte n oon during the week
FIRE HORSE. EXCEPT SATURDAY.
THE LEAPING STAG LANDSEER.
The Yoke of Performing Oxen, TRAINED OXEN.
TWIN BEAUTIES, TRAINED OXEN.
who by their TRAINED OXEN.
intelligence and novelty of TRAINED OXEN.
entertainment win deserved encores. TRAINED OXEN.
MME. DOCKRILL,
the empress of the arena, riding four bareback horses.
Emma Lake, Mme. Austin and Prince Neyzaard in double
Pacte de Mass, Signor Sebastian and Master Louis
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Giants, Dwarf, Tattooed Man and
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New scenery by C. W. Witham. New mechanical effects by Robert Cutter. New and original music by our popular composer, Mr. Dave Braham.

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including the Famous MME. RENTZ'S MINSTRELS.
50 BEAUTIFUL LADY ARTISTS. 50
The most gorgeous minstrel scene ever produced.
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present for the first time in this city the brilliant satire on Gilbert & Sullivan's latest success, entitled
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EVERY EVENING.
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THE ATTRACTION THAT CROWDS THE ORCHESTRA and PACKS the GALLERIES TO THEIR UTMOST CAPACITY AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.
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Performers. HAVERLY'S Performers.
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A SUCCESS WITHOUT A PARALLEL IN MINSTRELSY. 5-1t
Haverly's Latest Burlesque, "THE ROYAL BIDDY."

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Artists of ABILITY AND REPUTATION
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First-class talent wanted at all times. Those having engagements must send in their business one week in advance, or they will be erased from the books.
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IN THE EIGHTH MONTH
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ALL DATES CANCELED.
This Theatre will reopen after it is enlarged. Repairs will be begun about May 24. FIRST-CLASS COMBINATIONS WANTED until then. Address
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NOW PERFORMING WITH
COOPER, BAILEY & CO.'S CIRCUS
PHILADELPHIA,
would state, in answer TO THE MANY SENSATIONAL NEWSPAPER STORIES ABOUT THE ACCIDENT ON LAST WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, that she only sustained a slight shock. The accident was caused by the ROPES stretching, and she fell about 6 feet in the sawdust. No bones were broken, and she was ready for work, losing only two days to recover from the accident.
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1880. FOR THE COMING SEASON. 1881.
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SOL SMITH RUSSELL
IN THE BEAUTIFUL PASTORAL DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS,
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"Edgewood Folks" has been written expressly for Mr. Russell, under his personal supervision, and adapted to his peculiar talents. The author has succeeded in developing a cast of remarkably strong characters, and prominently among them the part to be played by Mr. Russell. The latter is the result of careful study and long experience, and is a remarkable novelty in dramatic invention. Every part in the play is strong, and the play, as a whole, is pronounced by experienced judges to possess all the elements of success. "It is wholesome, well rounded, and a thoroughly good comedy in all respects." A list of the superior company engaged will be given shortly in the dramatic papers. Managers of first-class theatres wishing to negotiate for time will please address
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GEO. W. HUNTER, VOCAL COMEDIAN,
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For the representation of each character a COMPLETE CHANGE OF COSTUME IS MADE WITHOUT LEAVING THE STAGE, AND IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE. TO MANAGERS.—My changes and business are entirely different from any previously done by any other artist, and are so arranged as to dispense with the superfluous talk which has always been considered necessary to introduce what is known as the "Mystic Changes." You will find in the above specialty a perfect novelty for the coming season. Wardrobe first-class. Songs with sparkling music and catching chorus, which (if the act is introduced in Burlesque) can be joined in by the company. N. B.—Would like to hear at once from managers of First-class Traveling Companies, either Burlesque, Troubadours, Vaudeville or Concert Troupes, for season of 1880-81. AT LIBERTY AFTER JULY 4. Address care of CLIPPER. 5-1t

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FAMOUS AND ORIGINAL TROUPE OF ENGLISH BLONDES
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FIVE SPECIALTY AND BURLESQUE PEOPLE
FOR ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PITTSBURG, MAY 17, THEATRE COMIQUE, ST. LOUIS, JUNE 3.
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SONG-AND-DANCE,
BURLESQUE CIRCUS.
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AUSTIN MULLEN.....Proprietor and Manager
Lady specialty artists wanted at all times. Salary low, but sure. No matinees. 5-1t*

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THE ORIGINAL FEMALE BOXERS,
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THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE,
NEW AND ELEGANT WARDROBE,
Can be engaged by responsible managers.
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FOURTH AND LAST WEEK
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Managers and proprietors of theatres throughout the United States are hereby notified that the play "Hearts of Oak," and the business, stage setting and effects thereof, are my sole and exclusive property, and that I will prosecute all parties representing or using the same, under any name whatever, or who use the name "Hearts of Oak," or who permit the same to be played at any theatre or hall without my consent. JAMES A. HERNE,
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DETROIT, MICH.
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OPERA-HOUSE,
BAY CITY, MICH.
OPERA-HOUSE,
JACKSON, MICH.
OPERA-HOUSE,
MUSKEGON, MICH.
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Special Notice.
To Whom it May Concern.
MR. JOSEPH BROOKS, Manager Detroit Opera-house, Detroit, Michigan, is the only person authorized to make contracts for the season of 1880-81 for our circuit, which embraces Port Huron, East Saginaw, Bay City and Flint, Mich. All other representations are false. Signed,
CLAY & BUCKLEY, Managers, Saginaw Circuit.

INDIANA CIRCUIT.
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MANAGERS.
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THEO. MORRIS, Local Manager.
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SOUTHERN CIRCUIT.
JOSEPH BROOKS, Manager
NEW MASONIC THEATRE,
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LEUBRIE'S THEATRE,
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OTHER THEATRES, EAST, WEST AND SOUTH, WILL, IN A FEW DAYS, BE INCLUDED IN "THE GRAND CIRCUIT," OF WHICH DUE NOTICE WILL BE GIVEN.

CARD.
Messrs. Brooks, Dickson & Hickey
beg to inform the theatrical profession that in organizing this Circuit it is not their purpose to form a monopoly. Its object is to facilitate the business of all Combinations, regulate the number and quality of attractions that shall appear in each city under their control, so as to avoid overcrowding such cities that can only afford to patronize a given number of entertainments each week, and by strict attention to all the details in every part of the Circuit merit the approval of all organizations doing business with them.
It is not their purpose to sublet Combinations under their management to other managers.
Every Combination engaged will receive the personal attention of one of the Managers, and they will be played only in theatres absolutely controlled by the firm.
Combinations will be engaged from ten to twenty weeks. Routes will be made for them during that period, if desired.
STARS will be engaged without Companies, and a suitable one furnished for their support through the Circuit, and longer if desirable.
MANAGERS OF MUSICAL, DRAMATIC, VARIETY AND MINSTREL COMBINATIONS, STARS AND AUTHORS WILL BE LIBERALLY DEALT WITH, and their business will receive the best attention.
For time and terms FOR ANY AND ALL of the foregoing Theatres, or information and other communications, please address until further notice
S. M. HICKEY,
Care SIMMONDS & BROWN,
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NEW COMPANY OF STARS.
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Packed to the dome.—PHILA. STAR.
Exquisite in conception and execution.—PHILA. LEDGER.
Nothing better in the way of a light variety entertainment could be desired.—PHILA. TIMES.
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Rich in enjoyment. Entirely free from that which is objectionable.—PHILA. RECORD.
The company is one of the best the great variety manager has ever brought to this city.—NORTH AMERICAN.
Tony Pastor's name a sufficient guaranty.—PHILA. EVENING NEWS.
The audience was appreciative even unto enthusiasm.—ALBANY ARGUS.
The performance was a grand one throughout.—ALBANY PRESS AND KNICKERBOCKER.
Perhaps the best Tony Pastor has ever taken on the road.—ALBANY EXPRESS.
A splendid entertainment.—POUGHKEEPSIE DAILY EAGLE.
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A big-helass variety entertainment, which receives the sanction of the best classes of society.—JERSEY CITY EVENING JOURNAL.
There is, too, about the whole performance a cleanliness and a freedom from aught that could offend in any way the most fastidious.—JERSEY CITY ARGUS.
THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE WORLD.
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Grand Opera-house,
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This elegant Opera-house is just completed, at a cost of $35,000, and is one of the most elaborately finished in the Southwest. It has a capacity for 1,000 people, and is seated with the latest improved opera-chairs. Auditorium handsomely frescoed. Stage a specialty—size 40x80 feet—with large stock of scenery on flats and set pieces, painted expressly for this house by Noxon & Toomey of the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo. Eight large dressing-rooms, nicely carpeted and furnished. Lighted with gas and heated by steam.
Population of city, 15,000, and one of the best show towns in the Southwest.
Will pay attractions on liberal sharing terms or rent.
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LEGAL NOTICE
is hereby given that
ANNIE FOX
(MRS. CLARK)
has been granted an absolute decree of divorce from W. S. CLARK. The parties were married July 30, 1879, but lived together only about three weeks, Mrs. CLARK leaving her husband at the end of that time, and filing her application for divorce, which, after the usual delay of litigation, has been recently gran

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"The Upper Crust,"

a new three-act comedy from the pen of Henry J. Byron, was brought out at the Folly Theatre, London, March 31, and met with decided success. The story is thus told: "The principal personage is a prosperous soap-manufacturer, who has risen from the ranks of the working-classes, and whose sole aim in life is to be a 'swell,' and to associate with the 'Upper Crust' of society. Now, Barnaby Doublechick, although one of the most genial fellows in the world, is entirely a self-made man, whose one great idea, 'Doublechick's Diaphanous Soap,' posted on every dead-wall, from the suburbs of London to the pyramids of Egypt, in gigantic letters, has brought him a fortune. But it will not bring him what he fondly aspires to win, the friendship of the 'Upper Crust.' Vainly does Doublechick leave his cards, vainly does he subscribe to charities, vainly does he purchase at fabulous prices pictures of famous masters, and vainly does he furnish his country home with all the whims and fancies, the knicknacks and luxuries of modern æsthetics. He may furnish and paint, and spend cash as he will, but Diaphanous Soapboiling clings to him still. But, argues Doublechick with the only friend he has made, Lord Hesketh, who is glad to borrow a few thousands occasionally of the rich soap-manufacturer, 'aint brewing a trade as much as soap-boiling? and there are plenty of swells getting rich out of breweries. What's the difference between beer and soap? One's good for the inside and the other for the outside.' Powerful as Doublechick's argument may be, Lord Hesketh assures him the 'Upper Crust' will draw the line betwixt beer and soap, and so Barnaby discovers for himself. But the soapmaker has a charming daughter, Norah, who inherits her father's good nature and shrewdness, but who has been educated in every modern accomplishment. Norah is so frank, winning and womanly, so refined and graceful, that titled families will for her sake make an occasional call at the Doublechick domicile, and even invite Norah to visit them, though shocked at the grammar of the soapboiling papa. Among them are Kate Vennimore, niece to Lord Hesketh, who admires Norah sincerely, and Lady Boobleton, a friend of his lordship's, with her son, Sir Robert Boobleton, Bart., whose fancy is fixed upon the graceful daughter of Doublechick. Such an alliance promises to realize the fondest hopes of the soapmaker. To have a daughter 'married to a bart.,' what more could even a concoctor of 'Diaphanous Soap' desire? While he is rejoicing in the brilliant prospect of uniting his child to a noodle for the sake of a title, there comes upon the scene a young man, Walter Wrentmore, who has formerly been in Doublechick's employ, but who has gained a fair position as an architect. Wrentmore has met Norah's friend Kate in the train, and is induced to call and see if, after the cold water thrown upon his advances by the father, she still retains any affection for him. Walter makes a confidant of Kate, who enters heartily into his plans, having great admiration for the young man. While they are discussing the subject, and Kate is assuring him that Norah is still faithful, old Doublechick enters unperceived, and at once comes to the conclusion that a tender feeling has sprung up between Walter and Kate. 'It's all through them tunnels,' says he, referring to their meeting on the railway. But he runs delightedly to tell Lord Hesketh. He is pleased also, because the chief obstacle to the baronet's union with his daughter is removed. Norah, hearing of the interview between her friend and her old lover, believes him faithless, and ultimately consents, after much urging on her father's part, to become the wife of Sir Robert Boobleton. A most laughable scene of complication winds up the second act. Lord Hesketh is in a towering rage at the idea of his niece accepting the advances of a person called by the soapboiler a nameless orphan,' and Lady Baobleton is frantic at the idea of her dear boy Sir Robert proposing to Norah. 'Think of your family,' urges the matron. 'Wait till he gets one,' cries the excited soapmaker—and the curtain falls amidst roars of laughter and enthusiastic calls for all the performers, and then the author. While Norah is pining over the prospect of her alliance with the young baronet, her old lover determines to see her once more before setting out for Montreal, tempted thither by some recollection of his infancy. A tender scene takes place, fully revealing the fact that the feelings of the lovers have not changed, while Kate takes a sudden and mysterious resolve. She determines to flirt with the young baronet, so as to make Doublechick suspicious of his intentions with regard to his daughter. The ruse succeeds. The soap-manufacturer gets into a rage, and a very laughable quarrel ensues, which threatens to break off the match. Meanwhile the mention of Montreal in Lady Boobleton's hearing leads to an unexpected revelation. Her ladyship, who had been a laundress in that city before her marriage, is startled at the sight of a ring upon Wrentmore's finger. This ring she declares was given to his mother, who had married Lord Hesketh, but was separated from him shortly afterwards. Lady Boobleton recalls these facts to Lord Hesketh, who joyfully welcomes his son upon what some legal authorities might consider rather slight evidence. But it affords the author an incident to wind up the comedy gayly, and the happy soapmaker is enchanted with the idea that his daughter will belong to the 'Upper Crust,' after all. For Lord Hesketh immediately gives his consent, and Sir Robert consoles himself with Kate." The cast included J. L. Toole as Doublechick, John Billington as Lord Hesketh, E. W. Garden as Boobleton, E. D. Ward as Walter Wrentmore, Miss Lillie Cavalier as Norah, Miss Roland Phillips as Kate, and Miss Emily Thorne as Lady Boobleton.

"Themis,"

a farcical comedy, in three acts and four scenes, adapted from the French of Victorien Sardou, was produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, March 29. *The Era* says of it: "The first act has for its scene the esplanade at Dulberton-on-Sea, and the action of the story here treated is labeled 'Laying the Train.' When the act was ended we turned to our neighbors to ask what it was all about, but we found our neighbors turning to us to ask exactly the same question. All that we could make of it—and that all was wrong—was that a pretty widow named Mrs. Vavasour has two suitors for her hand in Littleton Shuttlecock, barrister-at-law, and the Hon. Cavendish Skye Raker, a 'man about town;' that the last-named has previously made violent love to Miss Honoria Trinkett, who, pursued by Joshua Trinkett, her uncle, has followed him to bring him to book; and that Littleton Shuttlecock, seeing this beauty in distress, is smitten by her, and, forgetting the widow, determines to offer Honoria his assistance and something more. The first scene of the second act—'The Explanation'—represents a sitting-room in the Green Dragon Hotel, where Miss Honoria has taken up her quarters, notwithstanding the fact that the establishment is most affected by bachelors, she thinking, of course, that there she will be safer from pursuit, or rather from capture, by her irate uncle, the jeweler. When the attendant has explained to Honoria that 'this is the Frenchman's room; this is a wardrobe, and this is a balcony'—just as poor Artemus Ward was wont to explain 'this is a horse'—only that Artemus had more excuse—the guest has a visitor in the person of the Widow Vavasour, whom she has promised to convince of Skye Raker's perfidy. She shows him his love-letters, of which she professes to have a cart full; she shows him one of his gloves and a lock of his hair, in her anger burning the last named, and wishing that she could serve the head upon which it grew in similar fashion. The widow is not very much moved, as may readily be guessed. She paraphrases a well-known couplet, and in other words remarks: 'What care I how unkind he be, if he be not unkind to me?' There is a knock at the door, and Skye Raker's voice is heard. The widow is concealed, and the faithless lover presently, to his surprise, finds himself face to face with the jilted one. He guesses how matters stand, and loudly proclaims his love for Mrs. Vavasour. When these have retired, Mr. Littleton Shuttlecock intrudes, but retires suddenly, leaving behind him his hat. This enables Honoria to disguise herself when 'uncle' turns up, and to put him for a time on the wrong scent. Just as Shuttlecock, who again advances to lay siege to Honoria's heart, is preparing the train, Joshua Trinkett is once more heard at the door. His jewel-case is within, and Shuttlecock reflects that he has rendered himself liable to a criminal prosecution and to penal servitude for a considerable number of years. There is nothing left to do. He has to hide himself while within the wardrobe broken through the partition which shuts off the room of 'the Frenchman,' who is much talked of, but never seen. They borrow his clothes, and an edifying spectacle is presented when Shuttlecock is seen at the footlights putting on somebody else's trowsers. And then commences a wild chase from one room to the other, until, by a clever mechanical contrivance, the interior suddenly collapses, and we get scene the second—'The Tiles.' Shuttlecock, finding his entrance to strange windows barred by alarmed folks in bed-gowns and boaring lighted candles in their hands, commences to make war upon the chimney-pots; and, with the advent of the indispensable policeman and of Uncle Joshua, the riot and bustle of a comic-ballet go on until the act-drop falls. The third act—'After the Crash'—takes us to 'The Stilton Arms,' where Shuttlecock and Honoria have for a time found a refuge. When pursuit once more is threatened, Shuttlecock persuades Honoria to conceal herself within an enormous oven, he meanwhile shutting himself up in a meal-chest. Honoria, thinking better of it, goes off to look for Uncle Joshua. When Shuttlecock emerges, fancying that his hair has turned white through sorrow, he learns to his horror that the oven-fires have been lighted, and that in all probability poor Honoria has been baked, his fears in this direction being confirmed as she answers not to his repeated calls. How low he is sinking in degradation! That is his reflection. What shall he do? One more crime now will make little difference. He will murder the landlord, the only man who can be witness against him. He will first make him drunk. He sets to work, and Joshua, under the influence of a bottle of noyeau, is soon helpless beneath the table, poor Shuttlecock imagining that he must already be dead, seeing that prussic acid enters into the noyeau composition. How all this nonsensical business ends will readily be guessed, and it can hardly be necessary to tell that Shuttlecock gets compensation for some of his troubles by Honoria's hand, and that Skye Raker pairs off with the pretty widow."

"Le Grain de Beaute,"

a one-act comedy by Pierre Decourcelle, was recently first acted at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris. The plot is as follows: Prosper Beaurellis has artistic tastes of a not peculiar kind, but his fancy is fickle. He has passed through several stages of a collector's infirmities, and, after adoring old crockery, medals, violins of all varieties, and even warming-pans, has become suddenly fascinated by the beauty-spot theory, and follows it up with all the ardor of his nature. His warmth in quest of knowledge has, indeed, already led him into many awkward predicaments; but it is at a gay Norman bathing-place in Portonville (read Etretat) that he comes face to face with his greatest difficulty. On the beach there one day he meets his friend Gaston De Villiers, with a charming young woman on his arm, and, as she is called Madame De Villiers, he takes it for granted she is Gaston's wife. Now, the lady has under the right eye a little mark which the keen eye of Beautrellis at once detects; but, study as he may the engraving he had bought in the Rue de Rivoli, he can obtain no clue as to where mole No. 2 is likely to find itself on her person. So to discover it immediately becomes his all-absorbing thought, the great object of his life for the time being. Under one pretext or another he contrives to examine Madame De Villiers minutely on arms, neck, hands, and shoulder, the lady, it should be mentioned, lending herself with the utmost good humor to his researches, which, however, are all fruitless; and to push them any further he must have resort to desperate means. Not to be baulked in his purpose, he goes the length of making a passionate declamation, and proposes to his friend's wife to elope with him. To his intense surprise he then learns that Madame De Villiers is not Gaston's wife, but his sister-in-law, and, as she is a widow, her hand may be disposed of. Beautrellis is only too ready and willing to marry her—anything to discover the hidden beauty-spot. No sooner has he made his formal demand, however, than the original mole under the widow's eye disappears; it was no mole at all, merely a little patch of court-plaster. But Madame De Villiers is too charming a person for our hero not to perceive what a treasure has fallen in his way; he will make her his wife, and, while blessing Lavater's memory for his incomparable theory, vows he will thenceforth abandon his search for beauty-spots. The principal characters were sustained by Miss Alice Regnault and M. Saint-Germain.

"Lady Lilian,"

a drama with the additional title of "Flowers of Joy and Flowers of Sorrow," by Edward Towers, was first performed at the Pavilion Theatre, London, March 29. Viscount Holbrook, from a mercenary point of view, intends marrying Lady Lilian Talbot; but when he learns from Karl Talbot that they are ruined, he breaks off his engagement with the lady. John Jenkins, a dyer, who is in love with Lilian, informs her father that he is possessed of £50,000, and is at his service if he will but give his consent for their wedding. Lilian, exasperated at Holbrook's behavior, consents, and, with the sanction of the parent, the parties are married. In the second act some two years are supposed to elapse, when Jenkins and his wife return from abroad. The wife is not welcomely received by her mother-in-law, who is constantly jeering her about her title. It now transpires that Lilian has been listening to the entreaties from Holbrook, and has helped him by forwarding him money. Milly Jenkins, a cousin of John, and who loves him, comes to serve John, who, it appears, is nearly on the verge of ruin through a bank stopping payment. In the meantime, while John and his cousin are arranging monetary matters unknown to his wife, Holbrook turns up on the scene, and so inflames the wife with jealousy that she consents to elope, but not until the villain has prevailed upon her to bring with her her jewelry. The despair of the husband knows no bounds when the discovery of the elopement has been made. The husband ultimately learns that she is in Paris. She is traced to a cafe, and the husband, assuming the disguise of a cook, learns that she has been on the verge of starvation, and that her paramour, who is constantly ill-treating her, obtains his living by passing counterfeit coin. Here is a very touching scene between husband and wife. So enraged is he at the conduct of the villain that he seizes him by the throat, and in the scuffle a portion of his disguise falls off; and then the wife recognizes the man she has so shamefully wronged. Jenkins, who has been divorced, is prevailed upon by his wife to allow her to see her little son. The husband after a while assents, and the place of meeting is the Pont Neuf. After the interview, which is very feelingly portrayed, she leaps into the river Seine. The husband tries to save her, but the force of the current carries her away, and he concludes that she is drowned. The last act takes place in a churchyard, where Lilian —who, it appears, was rescued from the stream—enters, and, seeing a tomb erected to her memory, falls into a swoon upon it, but recovers just in time to see Jenkins leave the church with his cousin Milly, whom he has married. Lilian craves another sight of her child, and, receiving the forgiveness of all, she dies caressing her son. The villain Holbrook, being "wanted" by the police, is at last caught, and sent to the galleys for life. Miss Harriet Clifton appeared as Lilian, George Yates as Holbrook, and J. H. Clynds as Jenkins.

DRAMATIC.

"GEMEA, OR WHAT THE CARDS TELL," an adaptation from the French by Edgar Newbound, was produced at the Britannia Theatre, London, March 29. The plot is devoted to a Jewish mother seeking her child, who, we learn by the prologue, has been left in charge of a Christian woman visiting a dying relation. During the absence of the parent the child is taken seriously ill, and on its recovery its guardian, looking upon the infant's recovery as wonderful, is induced by some strange infatuation to place it in a Christian convent; while there it is claimed by a person whom the guardian does not know. Before the Jewess can elicit from the Christian the whereabouts of her child the woman dies, and leaves the mother in ignorance of her daughter. The other three acts are occupied in the development of the piece. In the end the long-lost daughter has been restored to its parent.

"FUNNIBONE'S FIX," a farce by Arthur Williams, was added to the programme at the Surrey Theatre, London, March 27. It deals with the difficulties of a young gentleman who, to please his ladylove, undertakes the duties of sub-editor of a country newspaper, with what success our readers may imagine.

BENEDICT TACAGNI, aged six years and seven months, died in London on March 26 of acute rheumatism. He was the Midshipmite in "The Children's Pinafore" at the Opera Comique, and his clever performances had elicited commendation.

"COWERS," a new comedy in three acts, by Charles Wills, was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, March 27.

"CHIEN D'AVEUGLE" is the title of a new drama, in five acts, written by MM. Fournay and Malard, and recently first acted at the Troisieme Theatre Francais, Paris.

"BROUGHT TO JUSTICE" is a drama from the pens of Henry Pettitt and Paul Merritt, which was brought out at the Surrey Theatre, London, Mar. 27.

"LA COMTESSE BERTHE," a three-act comedy by Edward Cadol, recently received its initial representation at the Theatre des Arts, Paris.

MUSICAL.

DURING the rehearsal of "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Opera Comique, London, March 31, some portion of the scenery fell upon the head of Miss Everard of "Little Buttercup" fame, so injuring her that it is doubtful whether she will be able to appear for some time.

TWO OPERAS, composed by the Bohemian *maestro* Dvorak have been published in Vienna, after having been performed in Prague.

IT IS STATED, in a recent German work on the organ, that the art of playing on that instrument reached the apogee of perfection in Belgium in the seventeenth century.

AT THE Theatre de la Monnaise, Brussels, Belgium, an opera comique by Lucien Solvay and Emile Mathieu, entitled "La Bernoise," is to be produced.

THE CENTENARY of Palestrina is to be celebrated next month in Rome with great solemnity. It is proposed to give in full his celebrated "Pope Marcel's Mass," his "Pobule Meus," and his "Stabat." This composer was at one time styled "The Prince of Music."

"CRUEL CARMEN" is the title of a new burlesque by J. Wilton Jones, first produced at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, Eng., March 29. Plot apart from that of the opera proper it can hardly be said to possess; but, from beginning to end, it is a very happy travesty on Bizet's popular work. Jose becomes Don Joey, and is an inane sort of individual, much given to droll acrobatic tricks, and whose passion for the pretty gipsy manifests inself in a highly eccentric fashion. The Toreador is a gentleman with very protuberant calves, highly suggestive of padding, and a wonderful nose, that is something of a cross between a champagne cork and a lighthouse. The Toreador is not troubled by any of that massive dignity that distinguishes him in the opera, and though he is, of course, given somewhat to bouncing about himself, he is a really very funny fellow. Miss Alice Aynsley Cook sustained the part of the fickle gipsy.

CIRCUSES.

American Performers in Paris, France.

An old contributor sends the appended letter:

PARIS, FRANCE, April 4, 1880.

MR. FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir*: As the readers of THE CLIPPER are always glad to hear from performers located in foreign lands, a few notes from the gay city of Paris may prove acceptable. American talent can nowhere be better represented here than at the present time, and, better still, the artists are the principal cards of the different establishments where they appear. The finest building of its kind in Europe, namely, the Hippodrome, opened its doors for the season on the evening of March 27. It holds about 10,000 people, but on the first night about that number were turned away for want of space. The structure last year had a novelty in its electric-light system. This year greater improvements have been made, the number of lights having been doubled and gas dispensed with, except in small apartments, dressing-rooms, etc. The vast arena is now illuminated like noonday. Two large and powerful engines run the lighting apparatus, which is in itself one of the sights of Paris. Although the electric light is not in outdoors entirely new thing now, and has been known in a small way everywhere, still, to see its full effect, one must go to the Hippodrome. This season, besides the usual Roman and other races previously seen, a novel act is performed by twenty ladies and gentlemen mounted, entitled "Quadrille Espagnol." All are costumed in magnificent Spanish dresses, made expressly at a great expense in Madrid. The gentlemen's costumes represent correctly the bull-fighters of Spain, the horses, besides, being splendidly caparisoned. The music, and last